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TRB

from Washington ®
March 19, 1977

Temps Perdu

It's warm enough now to eat lunch again in Lafayette Park across from the White House. There's a brown mist at the top of the Pennsylvania Avenue elms where buds are swelling. As Jimmy Carter prepares for his latest spectacular, a walk down Fifth Avenue in New York on St. Patrick's Day this week, it's nice to reflect that the crocuses are out again in Washington—they compensate for a lot of things. It was like this 44 years ago when another administration took over, Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. But the mood was different. It was a Saturday, March 4, 1933; 13 million Americans were out of work and every bank in the country was closed.

It's a pity, in a way, that Mr. Carter couldn't come over to the Mayflower Hotel on the eve of his amazing two-hour White House "call-in" performance. The ancients of the 1933 inaugural were holding their first, and perhaps only, Grand Reunion. Vice President Mondale was supposed to come at eight in place of the President, to make a five-minute speech, and the menu was adjusted from hot soup to fruit cup to accommodate an expected delay. But Fritz didn't show either nor was there any formal White House message, and Hubert Humphrey filled the gap. Who were these amiable gaffers who spoke from the podium, or hailed each other with a laugh and a sigh? They were the Hamilton Jordans, the Jack Watsons, the Stu Eizenstats of yesterday—Ben Cohen and Tommy the Cork, Rex Tugwell and Ewan Clague, Grace Tully and Jim Rowe and Leon Keyserling, once unfamiliar names who were feared, and debated, and analyzed by an anxious nation at the time. There were nearly 900 in the glittering ballroom. Will there be a reunion like this 44 years hence in 2021, and what will they say of Jimmy Carter then? For the sake of historical continuity and for what he might have soaked up through his pores, it is a pity that he didn't look in before he faced the telephone callers next day.

"We are now in a time of national crisis once again," said Ben Cohen to the crowd; "the time is ripe for a new New Deal." He told of Roosevelt's electrifying Fireside Chat as he searched for that same mystical rapport with the people that Carter is seeking now: Walter Lippmann, originally a critic, wrote in wonder, "In one week, the nation, which had lost confidence in everything and everybody, had regained confidence in the government and in itself."

Could he get on with Congress? Here, for FDR, there was never any doubt. He called it into special session Thursday, March 9. That day he sent up an emergency bill to reopen the banks, pledging federal credit. The House passed it unanimously after 40 minutes as members called "Vote! Vote!" In the Senate in white-faced rage Carter Glass heard Huey Long try in vain to amend it. It passed, 73 to seven. Roosevelt signed it an hour later.

Stooped and quavery, but eloquent still, Ben Cohen told the crowd what it already knew, "For most of us our New Deal years were the best years of our lives." He ended with words which he said FDR added in his own handwriting to the last draft of a speech prepared for a Jefferson Jackson Dinner—words which, because of his death, were never delivered.

"The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

The times are not as overwhelming now as 44 years ago and in a way that makes it harder as well as easier for President Carter. There is no banking crisis that he can conquer by a wave of his hand. He won by a narrow margin and did little to put individual Democratic congressmen into his debt. He is still unfamiliar to the public, but that unfamiliarity is disappearing rapidly. The two-hour telephone call-in performance, despite all the advance doubts expressed in this column, was a personal triumph. The President showed a simplicity, courtesy and sympathy in dealing with unrehearsed random questions that was arresting, and a quiet self-confidence that was even a little frightening. This chief executive has grasped the throttle of power without any doubt and knows how to reach the public, if he has to, over the heads of Congress.

(continued on page 37)

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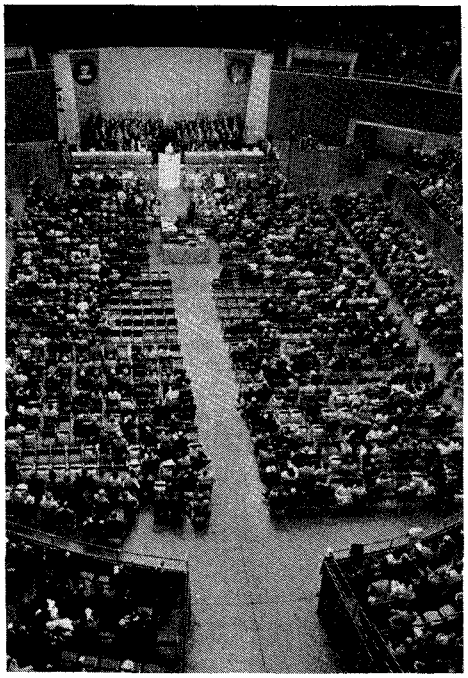
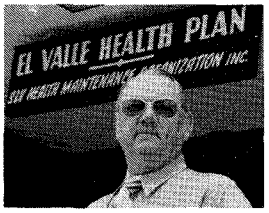
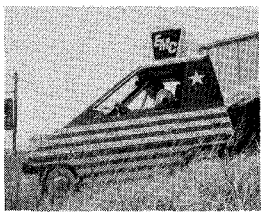


Annually, delegates from America's nearly 1,000 rural electric cooperatives and public power districts which serve some 25 million people across the nation, meet to formulate and adopt policies on national issues.

The simple fact is that conservation makes it possible to stretch out the world's dwindling energy resources while we develop new technologies



More doctors, water and sewer systems, and improved housing are today's community development targets for rural electrics, longtime leaders in spearheading better social and economic programs for local citizens. Robert Mace, manager of San Luis Valley Rural Electric Cooperative, Monte Vista, Colo., is president of one of the state's five Health Maintenance Organizations.



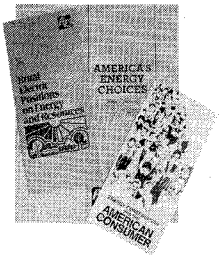
Flint Electric Membership Corporation, Reynolds, Ga., has grown from just over 2,800 members in 1944 to more than 30,000 in 1976. Meter readers use an electric car (dressed up for the bicentennial) to get to some of the homes, farms and businesses in the 15 counties where the cooperative serves.

So far in this country we've taken only small steps toward a real program of energy conservation.

Efficient use and management of all forms of energy are now imperative. Public awareness of this need must be greatly increased. People's consumption patterns will have to be altered; industry must make changes, and government policies to encourage and require wiser use must be implemented.

Conservation does not mean austerity nor a lower standard of living. On the other hand, without it as part of a comprehensive energy policy, energy shortages could in the long run severely restrict the opportunities and advantages we now enjoy, and limit our ability to pursue our traditional hopes and dreams for a better life.

America's rural electric systems



The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association is the service organization for the nation's electric cooperatives. Write "Viewpoints," NRECA, 2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009 for further information on rural electric energy positions.

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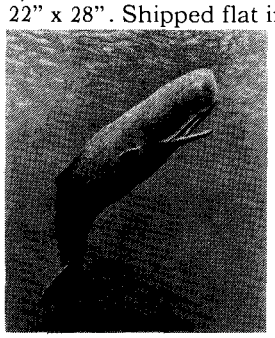

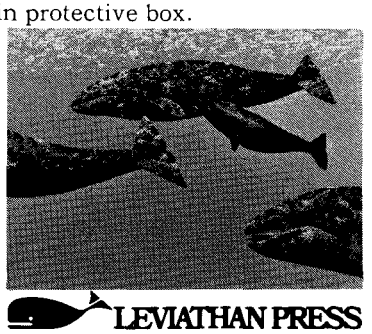

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Dealing with Dada

The modern age is not easy on artists; its realities swiftly overtake even the most spacious and bizarre creatures of imagination. Some of Kafka's relatives died in Nazi extermination camps. And now, even before Gabriel Marquez's magnificent portrait of a murderous God-tyrant in *Autumn of a Patriarch* has gone out of print, the horrifying figure of Idi Amin Dada scars the world scene, trivializing into reality a creative vision.

Amin is the latest in the twentieth century's unparalleled line of sovereign butchers—less terrifying than his predecessors only because, fortunately, he commands a small and impotent nation. But his offenses against humanity are of the same order as those formally condemned and punished at Nuremburg. He forces upon us the issue whether the humanity whose laws he now transgresses possesses the means and the will to arrest his crimes. And since that humanity has no instrument of collective international action, the question becomes whether nations can act; and more specifically for Americans, what course the United States should follow. If the censorship and harassment of a few individual Russians—a commonplace in today's world—commands attention at the highest levels of our government, what is

LOS ANGELES TIMES SYNDICATE
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CIA PLEDGES NOT TO KNOCK OFF FOREIGN LEADERS
WHERE ARE YOU WHEN YOU'RE NEEDED?
AMIN

Damn! And right at a time when we could use some applause!

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required of us by the massacre of thousands or tens of thousands of Ugandans—a deprivation of the first human right, that to life itself?

That is not an issue of pure "morality." On the contrary: the current discussion of President Carter's foreign policy is confused by the suggestion that some alien substance known as "morality" or "concern for human rights" is being grafted onto a coherent entity called "foreign policy"—an organism more naturally constituted of "self-interest," "national security," etc. It is all nonsense of course. All foreign policy pursues goals, is conducted according to values, which comprise its moral content. Carter's policy, at least verbally, is a return to a more complete and realistic definition of self-interest: despite many flagrant aberrations, this definition has characterized America's attitude toward the world for two centuries.

It is only in recent decades that America's foreign policy has fallen into the hands of those who purport to disdain considerations of moral value, who pride themselves being "pragmatic" or "tough-minded." We might call them the arithmetic school of human affairs, led by the Cambridge, Mass., school of warriors. The arithmetic school teaches that people, forces and nations are to be counted and weighed and action then taken on the basis of this calculation. Despite its superficial appeal to logic, this approach is fatally irrational. Among its consequences, for example, have been the series of disasters in Southeast Asia and a decline of the Western economies, along with serious deterioration of the democratic process in America. The leaders of an Americanized realpolitik have managed the astounding combination of amorality, damage to our self-interest, a diminution of national security and a weakening of our own democracy.

It can never be in the interest of the United States to treat values and convictions, national traditions and heritage as rhetorical illusions. When the basic direction of a country clashes with the values derived from its history—consistently and over a long period of time—the individual citizen loses his connection with the purpose of American society. The character of the nation itself is modified by its acts. And that is just what has been happening to America. Joseph Kennedy once advised his children, "When in doubt, do right"—a bit of folk wisdom which recognizes that the man or nation without moral values is also without purpose or direction, doomed to scurry from one ambiguous crisis to another, frantically trying to subdue the diverse symptoms of a large and continually encroaching disorder.

The purpose, the only possible purpose, for American foreign policy must be drawn from the sense of destiny that infused our beginnings, when Jefferson wrote, "It is indeed an animating thought that . . . we are pointing the way to struggling nations like ourselves who wish like us to emerge from their tyrannies also."

There is a direct line from this declaration to Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations, the Four Freedoms and anti-colonialism of Franklin Roosevelt, and our postwar efforts to arrest the spread of Soviet power.

The aspiration for a foreign policy actively devoted to social justice, increasing liberty and the institutionalization of peace on a worldwide scale cannot be condescendingly dismissed as "mere idealism" by those who prefer to be untrammeled by ideas, acolytes of some bizarre form of architecture without design. This aspiration reflects the practical judgment that the demand for justice, liberty and respect are among the most powerful animating forces of the planet. Only by identifying with them, and helping where possible, can we assist in building a world in which we will be truly secure. And even if this judgment is wrong, we must act as if it were true. If the continents are being impelled toward some global darkness of injustice and tyranny, or toward chaos, there will be no escape for us anyhow.

This does not mean we should try to build New-Deal-style democracies among the varied cultures of the world, or that we should actively intervene to impose values bred of the American experience. Nevertheless, the question is not one of intervention or non-intervention. We cannot decide whether or not to influence affairs in other nations. The world-girdling scope of our military and economic resources make such influence inevitable—a reality that distinguishes us from the America of Jefferson's time. We must decide whether to recognize a government or deny recognition, trade or refuse to do business, protect Taiwan and Iran or disclaim responsibility. Action and inaction are just different forms of intervention. There is no such thing as non-interventionism; nor are there any true non-interventionists. Our emissaries are now dispatched to the Middle East and Rhodesia, Cyprus and the Bank of England charged with changing the course of events. For the United States the question is not whether to intervene, but how.

Such judgments often are difficult and clouded with ambiguity. We all understand that our power is limited and that we must be reluctant to interfere with nations and cultures we can not fully comprehend. There are hard cases, even impossible ones. But Uganda is not one of them. Millions of Americans have died fighting against the form of demonic evil that finds its latest incarnation in Idi Amin. The phrase "denial of human rights" is ludicrously inadequate to describe state-directed murders and massacres. And Uganda, unlike the Soviet Union, is not able to resist our action in any way that could conceivably threaten our own security. This is part of what makes the Ugandan case so troubling. We can beat our breasts and tear our hair about the Russians all we want, relaxed in the assurance that there is little we can sensibly do about

(*continued on page 8*)

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Correspondence

Togetherness

To the editors:

It is an accepted practice in rural Georgia for grown children to live next door to parents or in a mobile home in their yard, cousins nearby, with lifelong daily sharing of the details of life and love.

The qualities of morality and concern for which Jimmy Carter was elected stem, I believe, from his continuous, direct connection with man as well as God. His connection with man is maintained by his sitting down to dinner daily with his extended family. I, who am the mother of draft-age sons, rest easier that this powerful man shares the homeplace in the White House with his boys, their wives and babies.

John Osborne ("The Other Carters," *TNR*, Feb. 26) need not concern himself whether members of the "family pack" are active, useful or even interesting; they are the President's roots, transplanted from Georgia. Leave them be.

Martha R. Koch
Athens, Georgia

Views of America

To the editors:

If Alan Tonelson ("Bring Back Hell Fire," *TNR*, Feb. 26) is inclined to argue that liberals should do more to state their position in moral terms, so be it. If he believes Jimmy Carter has "stepped into a moral vacuum" in order to "create a climate conducive to reform," so be that too. But Mr. Tonelson's assumptions about American society in the '70s must have shocked other *TNR* readers as they did me. This, he says, is "affluent modern America," "long term prosperity" has returned with "nearly universal comfort and affluence." Here is the "reality of mass prosperity," a "society so materially wealthy and successful" with such a "carpet-like distribution of wealth" there are only "last pockets of poverty" and only a "minority of Americans" need reforms.

Were the editors just in a playful mood when they arranged this article to follow Michael Harrington's excellent "Hiding the Other America"?

W.F. Hixson
Greensburg, Kentucky

Good, swift kicks

To the editors:

I am a liberal young man but as I get older I find my opinions changing in what is at least superficially a conservative direction. Partially it is the effect of outgrowing the views of the radical movement which was still vigorous in my first years in college. Partially it is the result of greater economic sophistication. Unfortunately it is also, in part, the result of a willingness to accept a good deal of propaganda at face value. Articles such as Michael Harrington's "Hiding the Other America" in your February 26 issue and the article on the natural gas industry in the issue that preceded it ("They're Giving Us Gas, All Right" by James Nathan Miller) have given me several good, swift kicks in my illusions. They have helped me greatly in keeping alert to hypocrisy. Thank you.

Franklin Piuck
Ann Arbor, Michigan

No competition

To the editors:

The TRB column of February 12 refers to Mexican "illegal aliens competing for low-wage jobs that blacks might otherwise hold." It is disturbing that TRB, usually well-informed, has in this instance contributed to the perpetuation of a myth. Neither blacks nor whites would "otherwise hold" most of the jobs that Mexican illegal aliens hold. Neither group would touch, with a 10-foot pole, those jobs at the current rates of pay. Raise the pay and natives will enter the competition. They are definitely not in it.

Julius Rivera
El Paso, Texas

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their internal transgressions. Puny Uganda does not offer such an easy release from the consequences of our words.

This reduces the issue to one of means, to the manner of our intervention. Unilateral military action must be discarded—not on moral grounds, but because it inevitably would unite black Africa against the unmistakable overtones of Western and racial imperialism. We can, however, and should, exercise our considerable weight to isolate Amin from diplomatic and commercial exchange with the civilized world (including $66 million in trade with the US last year), and try to strip away all his trappings of external legitimacy, in the hope that such action would fatally undermine his rule. Even if this was not the result we would, at least, have stimulated a collective moral stance by many countries—an important precedent and an invaluable practical education in the possibility of international collaboration toward worthy goals. And we would feel better about America.

Our Own Human Rights

At long last, as of this month, US passport regulations restricting travel to Cuba, Vietnam, Cambodia and North Korea pass into history. This may not seem like a major development since Americans visited some of these countries despite the ban. But it is another hard sign that the Carter administration is serious in its commitment to civil liberties and human rights.

One more indication of that was the administration's decision last week to join for the first time in co-sponsoring a resolution at the UN Human Rights Commission condemning the current government of Chile for "constant and flagrant violations of human rights."

The other co-sponsors of the Chile resolution, just by the way, included Rwanda and Yugoslavia—both of which could be found guilty of other serious human rights violations. But the UN is a place where criminals sit as judges. This is a jury of one's peers with a vengeance.

COMING: Henry Fairlie's passionate rediscovery of American socialism

White House Watch
Carter's Oversight

President Carter seems to have been singularly unprepared to deal with one of his most important responsibilities, the control and management of foreign intelligence procedures, when he took office. Ford White House assistants who knew from experience how tricky and troublesome this area of presidential concern could be urged incoming Carter assistants Hamilton Jordan, Jack Watson and Robert Lipshutz, among others, to pay serious attention to it and to have plans for handling it well in hand by inauguration day. Excepting the National Security Council, which in theory is at the top of the intelligence heap but in practice is part of the problem rather than the place for keeping the problem from becoming critical, the Carter people all but ignored the existing White House arrangements for watching the watchers on the President's behalf and had just about everything to learn about the subject after January 20. For example, they rejected advice that they establish close liaison during the post-election transition with the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board and the Intelligence Oversight Board, a tiny but vital control unit which the new President in March cited with relief and approval in support of his assertion that there had been nothing illegal or improper in secret CIA subsidies to officials of friendly foreign governments.

The *Washington Post*'s disclosure that the CIA had spent millions of dollars in personal payoffs to King Hussein of Jordan over the whole of his reign and was still paying him $750,000 a year appeared on the day that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance arrived in Amman to discuss moves toward a Middle East settlement with Hussein. President Carter and his press secretary, Jody Powell, avoided direct criticism of the *Post* and Powell went so far as to say that its reporter, Bob Woodward of Watergate fame, and its executive editor, Benjamin Bradlee, had behaved "very responsibly" in consulting with and forewarning the President before the story was published. Mr. Carter made his sense of outrage and frustration plain to congressmen with whom he discussed the report and with his statement on February 23 that "It can be extremely damaging to our relationship with other nations, to the potential security of our country even in peacetime, for these kind of operations, which are legitimate and proper, to be revealed." The *Post* gave the impression that the IOB had found the Hussein payments improper and that President Ford had ignored the finding in letting the payments continue. As clearly as he could without specifically confirming that Hussein had been paid, President Carter indicated that he'd reviewed the entire IOB and CIA record of these and similar payments and had found nothing wrong with them.

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Nevertheless he stopped the payments to Hussein, presumably because continuing them after they were disclosed could only compound Hussein's embarrassment and any harm the revelation may have done him in the Arab world.

An incidental effect of the Hussein rumpus was to settle one of many doubts about what the new President intends to do with the White House supervisory setup that he inherited. His fourth reference in two press conferences to the IOB indicated that he expects to retain it as an entity, whether or not he keeps its present members: its chairman, retired and aging (at 82) career Ambassador Robert D. Murphy; former Secretary of the Army Stephen Ailes; and Leo Cherne, one of the country's leading business consultants and chairman of the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. He could hardly be planning to abolish a board of which he said on March 9: "And we've got a very good arrangement that was primarily set up by President Ford to prevent abuses. The Intelligence Oversight Board is made up of three distinguished men appointed by President Ford. They have complete access to any operation conducted by the intelligence forces."

The board's functions are to receive and review any complaints of illegal or improper intelligence agency behavior that may come to it, with emphasis upon complaints from officials or employees of intelligence agencies; to review agency guidelines and practices; to report its findings regularly to the President and the Attorney General; and to report immediately and directly to the President any finding or suspicion of illegality or impropriety. From what is known of the IOB's procedure since it and the elaborate system of executive oversight of which it is a part were established by presidential order 11905 on February 18, 1976, and from a few bits of information, one may deduce part of what happened in the Hussein affair.

Somebody at the CIA—it could have been the agency's general counsel or inspector general, or an individual employee—reported that Hussein payoffs to the IOB. It demanded and got all of the available and relevant CIA documentation. President Ford's tough executive order and his personal admonitions to all intelligence agency heads, in this case to Director George Bush, would have made it professionally suicidal for anyone to withhold anything. After reviewing the whole affair the board put its findings in a letter signed by Chairman Murphy and hand-delivered to Counsellor John Marsh, the assistant who oversaw all White House communication in intelligence matters with the agencies and with Congress. Marsh took the letter to Ford and they discussed it. Carter's statements affirm in effect that the board found nothing illegal or improper in the payments as such, though there is some indication that IOB thought the CIA wrongly withheld knowledge of the payments from Ford. Having reported it to Ford, the IOB saw no reason to report what was considered a closed incident to Carter. Once the *Post* story appeared and was followed by a flurry of reports in other newspapers of payments to other individuals, some accurate and some false according to President Carter, the burning issue at the White House became who had leaked the story to Bob Woodward. The President's people believe that they know who did it. I'm told that the story was leaked from the White House, not from Congress as the President implied with his complaints of excessive disclosure to Congress and congressmen. The supposed leaker left the staff when or before Ford left.

An intelligence issue typical of those that all Presidents have to deal with involves the IOB, the CIA and the new Senate intelligence oversight committee headed by Senator Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii. The issue is whether the committee will get the substance of all complaints or other reports to the IOB from the CIA and from the IOB to the President.

At Deputy CIA director Henry Knoche's confirmation hearing in June 1976, Senator Inouye asked Knoche if he would see that the committee was provided with "similar reports," carefully avoiding a request for identical reports. "Yes sir, I will," Knoche replied. Although the request and the promise covered only CIA reports to IOB, alarmed White House assistants foresaw extension of it to cover IOB reports to the President, which they regarded even in prospect as an intolerable invasion of presidential privacy. George Bush, Knoche's superior, moved in upon the situation and instituted negotiations over the form and procedure of compliance that have yet to be resolved, partly because President Ford passed the buck to incoming Jimmy Carter. The committee is getting the substance of what it wants from CIA and other agencies—much of the information comes to the committee through other channels, anyhow. But the basic issues of congressional access to intelligence information and presidential control over presidential communication are important to both parties. The committee staff is waiting for President Carter to decide how he wants such matters handled and who is to handle them for him.

An intelligence issue that the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia characterized last December as a "portentous clash between the legislative and executive branches" involves the President, Attorney General Griffin Bell, AT&T and congressman John E. Moss of California, the redoubtable author of the Freedom of Information Act and chairman of a House interstate and foreign commerce subcommittee on oversight and investigations. In June 1976 the parent committee ordered AT&T to supply the Moss subcommittee with all of the written requests it has received from the FBI since 1969 (when the requests were first put in writing) for leased lines to be secretly used in foreign intelligence surveillance

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through wiretaps. President Ford personally proposed a compromise to Congressman Moss, in essence that Moss settle for paraphrased summaries of FBI memos supporting the requests and broadly generalized descriptions rather than specific identifications of the surveillance targets. Moss and a Department of Justice official, acting for the President, had tentatively agreed on a somewhat liberalized version of this formula when George Bush visited Moss, told him the tentative agreement was cancelled, and insisted upon much more restricted access than Moss would accept. Moss took the committee demand to a federal district court in Washington, the court upheld the President's claim of executive privilege, and Moss appealed on behalf of the House. The appellate court recoiled from deciding what it called "such nerve-center constitutional issues" and literally begged the parties—in effect, Moss and officials acting for the President—to try again to work out an agreement between themselves. Moss swore to me that he wouldn't negotiate so long as the President maintained his claim of executive privilege, though members of the Moss staff would be allowed to take part in preliminary discussions. There the matter stood in March, with Attorney General Bell being briefed on the case and President Carter's deputy White House counsel, Margaret MacKenna, following it for him.

A gut intelligence issue that President Carter must face up to fairly soon is whether intelligence agencies should exist by executive or by legislative authority. Only the CIA is authorized by a specific statute, the National Security Act of 1947. Companion agencies in "the intelligence community," notably the National Security Agency and the Defense Intelligence Agency, operate by executive order. There is strong sentiment on the Senate oversight committee for statutory charters and a subcommittee has completed work on an overall charter intended to cover the whole community. President Ford preferred executive charters because he foresaw endless dispute over legislation. President Carter has yet to choose.

John Osborne

The real issue is "order versus disaster," not "us versus them."

Toward World Order

Politics is the realm of us versus them. In domestic affairs enmity usually is dampened by a broad consensus on common values, and by the superior power of the state. In international politics there is no central power above the states, and almost no consensus among them. Therefore in international politics the only relatively stable structures are alliances; the only mechanism for preventing hegemony is the balance of power; and tests of strength regularly take the form of war—especially when there are only two major players, or two camps.

American foreign policy has been dominated since 1945 by our relationship with the Soviet Union: containment and detente have been our ways of dealing with Moscow—limiting its ambitions, but preventing our rivalry from reaching the logical and traditional conclusion—war—that would be fatal in the nuclear age. Our approach to world affairs has remained an atavistic one that divides mankind into our foes and our friends. The world has not blown up because of two types of restraints. There is the common interest of the superpowers in reducing the risks of nuclear war: by making it "unthinkable," by insuring the survival of each other's retaliatory forces and by avoiding direct military clashes that might escalate. Second, there are the restraints of economic interdependence. These restraints weigh on all the players who take part in the many games of the world economy—mainly the liberal industrial powers and the developing nations. They have a particular importance in an age when economic growth is one of the very few common goals (whatever the disagreements about the means) and economic issues crowd the agenda of world politics. Both sets of restraints blur the distinction between friends and foes. We have a vital interest—survival—in common with our chief rival. And are the members of OPEC our adversaries or our business partners?

Both sets of restraints are fragile. An unlimited strategic arms race could erode the nuclear restraints, by threatening the safety of each side's land-based missiles, or by producing weapons accurate and "clean" enough to give each side the illusion that nuclear weaponry could be used not just as a deterrent, but to wage a "limited" war. The proliferation of nuclear and conventional arms could create regional violence, disastrous where it occurs and capable of entangling the superpowers. Meanwhile the restraints of economic interdependence could collapse if states, trying to regain some of the autonomy they have lost because of it, reverse the trend toward freer trade; if they prove incapable of agreeing on common rules for the international monetary system or for the use of the oceans; or if the oil-poor developing countries go bankrupt.

War and chaos, these are the two perils. In other words, foreign policy is not merely, or even primarily, us versus them: it is how to insure a modicum of order versus the quasi-certainty of disaster.

Defining a coherent policy toward world order is the essential task of the new administration. The obstacles are formidable. At home, there are at least three. One is precisely the habit of looking at the world in traditional ways. This makes us ask, as the single criterion of policy, whether a given decision increases or decreases

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our own strength in our contest with the Soviets. This question is insufficient, and could even be dangerous. The logical outcome is an unlimited arms race, leaving insufficient resources for dealing with North-South problems and insufficient concern (if not contempt) for the task of building common international regimes to cope with economic and monetary issues. We would persist in reliance on subversion, continue interventions in the domestic affairs of others so as to insure the triumph of "our" friends, and neglect considering human rights.

A second domestic obstacle is the absence of an adequate design to deal with the imperative of world order. Henry Kissinger's conception was that detente would be the lever with which we would lift most of the world's troubles; he believed that states of wildly different persuasions could agree on a common code of external behavior. The world has proved too complex, and the connection between domestic and external conduct too strong. The Trilateral Commission, whose American members are today's policy-makers, assumed that the cooperation among the United States, Western Europe and Japan could solve most of the world's problems. But the Commission's world view does not really address itself to East-West issues, nor more generally to the problems of weapons proliferation and traditional disputes. It also greatly exaggerates the willingness of the developing nations to accept the leadership of the industrial powers in solving problems of economic interdependence.

A third domestic obstacle is the simple fact that a world-order policy will adversely affect powerful internal interests. Arms reductions mean losses of jobs, the closing of industries. A settlement of bitter regional conflicts, as in the Middle East, may require concessions that some Americans will resist because of ethnic solidarity. A new policy for the developing world means encouraging their exports, which in turn means greater competition for our own markets. Economic world order may require stricter foreign regulation of our multinational enterprises, or international rules interfering with the "free market" which we still believe in.

Abroad, there are three equally formidable obstacles. One is the obvious permanence of our contest with Moscow, which will continue to consume attention and resources. The second is the very diversity of nations, the depth of the conflicts that divide them, the unwillingness of most of them to accept constraints on their own priorities, especially when they are new nations that are only beginning to enjoy their independence (however hollow), or when the constraints suggested in the name of world order seem to favor the rich and the powerful. The third obstacle is the fact that for all its might and wealth, and despite its relatively smaller vulnerability, the United States no longer has the means to impose its preferred solutions.

These obstacles cannot be ignored. But they have to be overcome. The first goal must be to safeguard the two sets of restraints that have preserved both peace and an open world economy: this is the imperative of no regression. We must maintain the central balance of nuclear deterrence as well as regional balances of power (especially in Europe). We must overcome the recent recession as rapidly as possible, so as to prevent an unravelling of the world's economic tapestry. The second imperative is a gradual strengthening of these restraints. The means are three. First, a coherent policy: all aspects of world politics are linked. Second, the determination to take all the domestic measures without which such a foreign policy would fail; including adjustments for economic dislocations and a new energy policy aimed at decreasing our dependence on OPEC and reducing the importance of nuclear energy. Third, a diplomacy of bargaining and pluralism: the best chance for world order lies in giving others a share and stake in the management, benefits and burdens of agreements and common regimes. There are more specific goals. First, agreements on strategic nuclear weapons that begin to impose qualitative controls; agreements, formal or not, between suppliers and clients, to limit conventional arms races; and a combination of technological and political, collective and unilateral, policies aimed at slowing down nuclear proliferation, in such a way as not to produce the opposite effect of provoking would-be nuclear powers into redoubling their own efforts in order to resist discrimination. Second, we need more frequent resort to collective diplomacy to resolve the substantive disputes that feed the arms races and the desire for proliferation: once they have erupted into violence, it is often too late. Third, we need to negotiate a better distribution of the gains from the world economy, in order to promote the growth of the developing nations; we need to share the command of international agencies with them, and we must aim at a network of rules—on trade, commodities, money, oceans, food, etc.—that would decrease insecurity for suppliers as well as for buyers. Fourth, we must, without self-righteousness or absolutism, devise a coherent human rights policy. We cannot achieve universal success here: as the story of the Jackson amendment showed, to press such a policy on the Soviets can backfire. We must remember that our highest goal is a moderate world order. But such an order will emerge only if as many states as possible share certain common practices and values, since their domestic and their external conduct are linked, and the best restraints are those that rest not merely on prudence but on conviction. Therefore, we should begin creating better conditions for world order by seeing to it that regimes closely associated with us (through alliance, or because of our role in their creation), observe minimal standards of human rights, both in the realm of political liberties and in that of human needs. Here, we have the necessary carrots and

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sticks.

It is a tall order. It requires a curbing of machismo; a willingness to subordinate immediate tangible gains to an abstract or long-range common benefit (exploitation of resources in the ocean is a good example); patience in dealing with frequently obnoxious players; a determination to replace the traditional logic of the international state of war with a new logic of conflictual cooperation. All of these go against the domestic grain. Will we have the imagination to devise so complex a strategy? Will our system of checks and balances provide the indispensable support for it, rather than lead to paralysis? Will Americans adapt their domestic practices and institutions, not, as they have in the past, in order to meet the blinding challenge of a depression or a totalitarian foe, but in order to defeat such dim demons as violence and chaos? Will the huge American reservoir of idealism and activism let itself be channeled in ways less naive, less corruptible and overbearing than in the past? These are the real questions of foreign policy today.

Stanley Hoffmann

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A perfect theory faces
an imperfect labor market.

Rethinking Free Trade

Since the 1930s, it has become a hallmark of economic enlightenment and liberalism to advocate the complete elimination of tariffs and non-tariff barriers to free trade. The only qualification is that foreign nations are expected to reciprocate. Like any other policy, the free trade argument needs revising when economic conditions change, and refining as the target is approached. The world has greatly reduced barriers to international trade over the last quarter of a century. The doctrinaire approach to free trade overlooks the danger of wasted manpower, acquired skills and machines through unemployment and obsolescence. The Trade Act of 1974 incorporated safeguards for damaged industries. Safeguards are vital for some industries—textiles, color television, shoes and certain kinds of steel.

The analytic basis for the free-trade argument is a very simplified representation of the real world. It has two fundamental weaknesses. The theory assumes that displaced workers (and executives) can find gainful employment in another industry, and it pays no attention to the costs of adjustment and reallocation.

If workers displaced by imports are not able to find other jobs, the argument breaks down. Whether replacement jobs are available depends on the condition of the economy and on whether the displaced worker has a transferable skill. The better educated and more highly skilled the displaced worker, the easier it will be for that person to find another job. The skills used in the "old" industry have no value in the job market if they were unique to that industry, except to show a potential to absorb training. This surge of imports that use high proportions of low-skilled labor and displace our own low-skilled workers, comes from developing nations. There is no foreseeable end to the ability of such nations to supply goods using low-skilled workers. Worse yet, the cost of living in the United States for an unskilled worker is much higher so that there is no hope that a low-skilled worker in the United States can ever compete on a wage basis.

There is a surfeit of unskilled workers in the United States, as shown by the astronomical rates of teenage unemployment (18 percent, and as high as 60 percent for minority group members). The free-trade theory's assumption of available alternative employment is only valid if the labor market is tight, and if displaced worker can receive retraining that they are able to absorb. Unfortunately, the United States never has shown great commitment to or success with retraining programs. The history is one of oratory not of performance. Furthermore, the ability of an economy to absorb unskilled and low-skilled workers depends on the efficiency of the educational system and the technological trend in the nation. "Natural evolution" may reduce the demand for lesser-skilled workers quite apart from the impact of foreign competition. If the educational system does not increase people's ability to absorb training and then provide that training, lesser-skilled workers will become harder and harder to employ. The existence of a reserve army of low-skilled unemployed is not socially responsible, politically safe or economically efficient.

Imperfections in the labor market make it even harder for displaced workers to find new jobs. Lesser-skilled workers tend to be less mobile and less aware of opportunities elsewhere in the economy. In the apparel industry, which lost an estimated 310,000 jobs between 1961 and 1972, the typical displaced worker is a minority-group female with dependents to support. It is difficult to conceive of any workers more likely to be overwhelmed by imperfections in the labor market. Of course if the economy as a whole is operating at significantly less than full capacity—if there is not an actual labor shortage—there is almost no likelihood that displaced workers will find alternative employment, except at the expense of some other unfortunate.

When lesser-skilled workers lose their jobs to foreign competition, three things can happen: the number of people drawing unemployment benefits and/or welfare can increase; the displaced workers can be hired in domestic industries not subject to foreign

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competition; or they can receive special training to make them employable in other internationally competitive industries.

Clearly it is inefficient for displaced workers to remain unemployed. The payment of a subsistence grant is not an adequate absolution of national responsibility. Payments may diminish the physical hardships but they do little or nothing to reduce the psychological costs that accompany unemployment in our society.

If there is already a surfeit of lesser-skilled people in the economy, special measures to facilitate employment of displaced workers will have to be inaugurated by the government. Presumably the costs of production will be raised by any increase in employment of lesser-skilled workers (or the firms would have undertaken the measures voluntarily). The increase in costs may require some sort of subsidy to be paid to the industries, or prices might be edged upward. But these expenditures presumably would be less than the alternative welfare doles would be.

Displaced workers can be trained up to higher skill levels and reabsorbed into the employable labor force. Such training is desirable in its own right, and does not depend upon the exposure of the lesser-skilled workers to unemployment because of enslavement to a doctrinaire policy of free trade. It is important to distinguish between giving displaced workers additional skills which do not require any greater capability to absorb training than those which have become worthless through the loss of the old job, and a general upgrading of skills. A requirement for the retraining of displaced workers has been included in the Trade Act of 1974 but such arrangements will attempt merely to replace one industry-specific skill with another of approximately equal "difficulty." A general upgrading of workers' skills is a much more difficult, ambitious and costly project and implies that displaced workers have not reached their potential. It is this latter kind of retraining that is likely to become necessary if foreign goods continue to supply ever more skill-intensive products to the United States.

Protecting vulnerable American industries will bring about retaliation by foreigners. It will also damage the growth of developing nations. The United States might agree to pay a "fine" in the form of compensation to exporting nations frustrated by the protection. This payment would clearly need its own set of safeguards, but it could be computed roughly to offset damage done by the frustrating of imports.

There is also a domestic cost. If the protection is instituted by a tariff the consumer pays more, and if by a subsidy to the industry the taxpayer is burdened. The rationale for such a payment is simply that this payment repairs the deficiencies of the market system in providing jobs for workers otherwise doomed to unemployment.

One final safeguard is needed against the protected industry itself. The purpose of the renunciation of the free-trade doctrine is to preserve jobs for unskilled workers. It is vital that any protection does indeed result in the maximum number of jobs. The protected industry must agree, in advance, to a *quid pro quo*. Protection could allow the industry to raise prices and the union to raise wage rates. This is not to be tolerated. One possibility would be to restrict wage increases to a cost-of-living escalator as a condition of the protection, and to rely on competition within the protected industry (and a little regulatory oversight) to ensure that the firms do not impede the expansion of employment. Fortunately the two industries most needing protection (footwear and textiles) are dominated by small firms competing with each other.

Protecting the job opportunities of unskilled workers will be a social problem for many years. Protection from imports gives the nation a breathing space in which to think of solutions to this problem.

The other aspect of the problem is whether or not the state of the domestic economy should be built into the remedy automatically. Certainly the social costs of adjustment are magnified in a recession. If, as the Trade Act of 1974 allows, further negotiated tariff reductions are to be spread out over a period years, there is an argument for interrupting the process when domestic unemployment rates exceed, say, five percent. The gradual approach involving as much as 15 years, will also ease the costs of adjustment as industries anticipate the effects of the scheduled easing of protection in all countries.

Two industries contribute greatly to the employment of less-skilled persons and stand in need of protection. Textiles have been protected by quotas under the Multi-Fiber Arrangement, but these measures are beginning to lose their effectiveness. Non-rubber footwear may receive protection shortly if President Carter accepts, by Easter Sunday, a recommendation to that effect by the International Trade Commission. The recommendation calls for protection over and above 1974 import rates for five years at a declining rate. With total unemployment levels in this country running at eight percent, it hardly seems wise to eliminate more unskilled from the ranks of the employed. Since tariff reductions from the Kennedy Round began in 1968, employment of unskilled and semi-skilled workers in the footwear manufacturing industry has declined by more than 60,000 persons. The rate of displacement by imports has been growing. There is a good argument for temporary protection. Only if we can make our economy fit the theoretical basis can the free trade argument be accepted without reservation.

H. Peter Gray

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America's best friend in the Arab world is hanging by a thread. Soon he may be hanging from a lamppost.

Sadat's Sorry State

by Morton Kondracke

Cairo

You always expect things to be bad in Cairo and you are never disappointed. The giggling ladies at the airport tourist office can't find anyone a hotel room because it's impossible to get a call through the city's overwhelmed phone system. Workers, soldiers and kids don't just cram buses and streetcars; they mob them, clinging and hanging wherever a hand-hold is available on a side or on top. Cairo's traffic smokes, beeps, dodges and chokes itself through semi-tended streets. Any wetness on the ground isn't a vestige of rain; it's likely that part of a sewer system built for three million people has exploded under pressure from eight million. From high-rise slums, overworked, overcrowded mothers heave garbage into dusty courtyards rather than leave it to fester in dank apartment hallways. Everything seems showered in soot—streets, buildings, dead dogs and barefoot children.

Not to be too squeamish about it, Cairo is also a colorful city, where donkey carts and women balancing olive-oil cans on their heads seem to survive a madcap battle with taxis for room on the streets. You might get killed in Cairo by a wild driver, but not by a mugger: Egyptians seem devoid of malice. They lead a dirty, diseased, underpaid, overcrowded, undernourished existence, but armed robbery and murder seem not to be part of their national character. Rather, there are jokes: "How are things?" "Oh, average—worse than they were last year, but better than they will be next."

Always in the past, it has been possible to come to Cairo, smell the fumes, dodge the dung, review the awful demographic and economic figures, listen to horror stories about bureaucracy, inefficiency and corruption, note the cruel disparities of life between Cairo's masses and its Paris-clothed, Mercedes-driven rich, hear out learned left-wing complaints about President Anwar Sadat's economic and international strategies—and leave thinking, yes, it's all hopeless, but somehow Sadat, with pluck, patience, savvy and luck—plus a little help from the United States, the Israelis and Saudi Arabia—will keep Egypt's rickety engine running and maintain his own place in the driver's seat.

This year, it's different. Sadat seems to be in real trouble, mostly of his own—sincere but miscalculated—making. With considerable courage, Sadat switched Egypt's economic policy away from Nasserite socialism and pulled out of military and economic alliance with the Soviet Union, turning West to lead his country toward prosperity and peace. He even began taking some small steps in the direction of democracy, tentative and sometimes tactical though they were. Unhappily, nearly everything seems to be going sour. His economic "open door policy" has brought in no massive productive investment to benefit Egypt's wretched millions, only playthings for the rich that mock the poor. The army is starved for weapons. Sadat is welching on his promises of democracy. Some of his friends say he is even losing his political touch, concentrating on international affairs instead of domestic ones, cutting himself off from people who will tell him bitter truths and listening to sycophants with special axes to grind. Sadat has chosen to blame the mass riots in January on communists and "so-called Nasserists," rather than admit they were sparked by his government's economic fiascos and fed by outrage at his family's fancy life-style. If his greatest gamble of all falls through—his reliance on the United States to wrest Sinai away from Israel and get him peace—Sadat will have failed utterly, and will not even be in a good position to recoup by starting a war. No one knows who will fall on him heaviest, but the army and the Islamic right are the best bets. This year, there is real doubt in Cairo whether Sadat will stay in office into next year. One admirer said, "He may find himself hanging from a lamppost."

Sadat's collapse would be a stunning blow to American peace designs in the Middle East. Except for Jordan's King Hussein, Sadat has been the most ready of all Arab leaders to make compromises with Israel, even at the price of his status in the Arab world. He has been the most vocal in talking about an end to hostilities with Israel. He opened himself up to vilification from Syria and the Palestine Liberation Organization in 1975, when he concluded the Sinai II disengagement agreement with the Israelis, and he has been pushing devices whereby the PLO could be invited to Geneva and negotiations could get under way. A military or Nasserite successor probably would try to re-hitch Cairo's arms connection to Moscow, which would inevitably involve political connections, as well. A fanatic Moslem successor might eschew relations with Russia (though Libya's Muramar Qaddafi has not let his religion deter him), but advocate a *jihad* (holy war) against Israel. Sadat has shown himself a gutsy, attractive quasi-ally to the United States. The Carter administration no doubt wishes him good health and a long life in power.

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But there is only so much the United States can do, and this seems to be Sadat's greatest miscalculation. "America holds 99 percent of the cards" in the Middle East, he has told countless audiences of visiting congressmen and journalists, and he appears to believe it, discounting a little for flattery and bargaining buildup. Sadat seems to think that the United States can turn spigots and send a "Marshall Plan" of economic aid gushing into Egypt from Washington and Saudi Arabia. He is not alone, among Egyptians, in believing that the United States controls the Saudis. Some of the smartest people in the country strongly suspect that thsCIA killed Saudi King Faisal because y presumed to impose an oil boycott on us, the corollary being that Faisal's successors are prisoners of the Agency, ready to do its bidding on opl prices and disposition of oil wealth. Other intelligent Egyptians argue that the US actually engineered the boycott to gain the economic upper hand over Europe and Japan. Whether or not Sadat personally shares any of these notions, he does apparently think that cutting himself off from Moscow and hewing to a pro-American line will lead to salvation from his country's economic miseries.

He ought to have learned better from the "open door policy," which was supposed to attract massive rushes of capital into Egypt and—according to a 1973 plan—boost Egypt to a barrelling annual growth rate of 12.6 percent by 1980. Except for a Fiat plant, an American oil-pump factory and an aluminum plant not yet operating, there has been little productive investment to show from the policy. Foreign businessmen show up in droves in Cairo to fight woman-chasing Saudi sheiks for hotel rooms, but mainly they seem to be sellers rather than investors or buyers. Egypt has been running three billion dollars in the red to foreigners for the past two years; it is thought to owe maybe $13 billion, and it costs one billion dollars a year just to service the debt. What money Sadat has been able to scrounge in aid from fellow Arabs and the United States—he wanted $13 billion last year and got two billion dollars—goes to keep the Egyptian economy perilously afloat.

It is little wonder that a Saudi or American would hesitate to invest in Egypt. It takes forever to get projects approved or constructed; even a high-return property like the posh Meridien Hotel took 12 years to build. Social pressures in Egypt deter bright young people from becoming skilled laborers; they could make a killing financially, but wouldn't find a "nice girl" to marry. So, they go to university. Graduates, if they are smart, go off to Kuwait or Qatar and make money. If they are not smart, they stay in Egypt and acquire guaranteed government "jobs" in offices that have no need for them—and, very often, no desks.

What "open door" has brought in is big cars, booze, tinted eyeglasses, Italian shoes, Japanese tape decks and French-cut suits for a new class of speculators and commission-takers, sometimes referred to as blood-suckers. In January, under pressure from the International Monetary Fund to impose austerity measures, the Sadat government didn't—maybe couldn't—strike at the rich. Instead, it imposed 30 percent price increases on food staples, increases that hit the poor hardest. The result was the rioting in Helwan, Alexandria and Cairo that killed more than 70 people and required army troops to suppress it. Prime targets for rioters were the decadent fruits of "open door," especially imported cars and nightspots on the road to the Pyramids, where Muslim purists smashed liquor bottles and burned down gambling casinos.

Another target, in wall posters and rioters' chants, was Sadat and his family—especially his wife, Jihan, who clothes herself in Paris, espouses women's rights and birth control and partakes in the life-style of Egypt's semi-productive super-rich. Muslim traditionalists find all of this shameless. Sadat himself is thought to lead a comparatively simple life, though he has ensconced himself in no less than 13 palaces and residences around the country. One chant against him was, "We would rather have Nasser govern us from the grave than Sadat from Aswan."

Sadat's response to the rioting was to order a roundup of 1200 of the usual leftist suspects, while touching neither actual Nasserists nor elements of the right-wing Muslim Brotherhood now enjoying a resurgence, in beards and long white galabiya gowns, at Egyptian universities. He also imposed, probably unconstitutionally, an emergency decree banning demonstrations, and promoted a plebescite on his action that the government and its controlled press hailed as a 98 percent endorsement of his leadership. In fact, Egyptian voters stayed away from the polls in droves on the day of the vote; one estimate of the turnout is 40 percent, another is 10 percent. When a rightist member of Sadat's rubber-stamp parliament rose to criticize his behavior, Sadat had him thrown out, and when the editor of the leftist magazine *Talea* sought to cavil, he was fired. Sadat, though he formally banned press censorship a few years ago, has installed toadies as chief editors of major publications, and they conceive it as their jobs to extol his works, not to warn him about where he's going wrong.

In the United States, the Carter administration responded to the rioting in Egypt by urging Congress to approve emergency aid for Sadat, to shore him up in "a real hour of need." The amount approved, however, was not of Marshall Plan proportions—just $190 million. Egyptian experts figure $10 billion is needed to consolidate foreign debts, retrain workers, build roads and telecommunications systems and establish productive enterprises. The estimate is conservative.

If Sadat is unlikely to get the economic help he needs from or through the United States—and the Saudis consider Egypt the same bad investment that US capitalists do—he also seems doomed to disappoint-

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ment in the diplomatic field. Despite Sadat's ardent beliefs, the United States simply does not have the power, even if it had the will, to force Israel to return to its 1967 borders. Would Israel be willing to conclude a separate peace with Sadat over Sinai? Why should it, if he may be toppled tomorrow by a military dictator or a raving rightist? Even if Israel were willing, Sadat could not afford to go that route, utterly abandoning his Arab brethren. He has to stay with Syria, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, and bring along the PLO. But Israel is dead set against giving these others what they want—the Golan Heights, the West Bank and Jerusalem.

What options are left for Sadat? One would be war, the source of his great—but, now fading—glory in 1973. For the moment, however, this option has been closed by his alliance with the United States. The Soviets are not supplying him with what he needs, and Congress certainly will not. Further, the Sinai II disengagement agreement puts Egyptian forces out of easy striking distance of Israel's armies, and US sensor stations are in between to warn of any impending attack. If Sadat gives up on peace, he either will have to return to the arms of the Soviets, or wait until Arab countries have collected enough Western and Soviet weapons between them to fashion a worthy fighting force. That is several years off, at present supply rates.

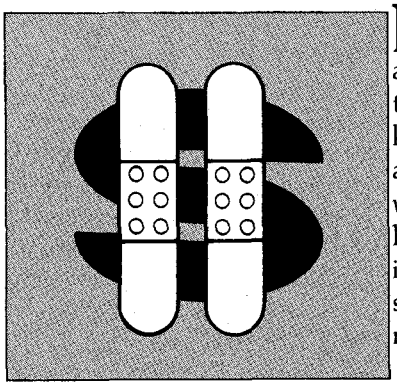
Egypt's riots established the army, not Sadat, as the ultimate guarantor of law and order in the country, and a total Sadat failure in peace, war and economics might well lead military elements to move against him. Western diplomats doubt it will happen. They point out the Egyptian army is traditionally apolitical, and that its top commander, Gen. Abdul Gamassy, is a military professional who detests politics and intrigue. There are other reasons, as well, to think Sadat could avoid or overcome a plot against him. For one, he is an experienced plotter himself, who has survived more than one conspiracy in his time, notably the 1971 coup attempt by pro-Soviet former Vice President Ali Sabri. He is said to have taken extensive precautions to keep the army under close watch, not having forgotten that in 1952—six months to the day, in fact, after the country's "Black Saturday" riots—a group of obscure majors and colonels organized the coup that ousted King Farouk. Sadat, of course, was one of the plotters.

Perhaps Sadat will survive, no matter what. Yet, he has raised great expectations in his people by aligning himself so absolutely with the United States, and it is hard to see how these expectations will be fulfilled. He comes to us saying that he has thrown away his weapons for us, given up his friends and put his head down on a block—and that it is now up to us to save him from the axe. It is a posture of self-imposed weakness that he has assumed, and in the cruel world of international maneuver, it does not ususally lead to victory.

Anatomy of Health Care Costs: II

Rendezvous With A Machine

by Eliot Marshall



Dr. John Sadler agreed to explain how the treatment of kidney disease became a federal program and why it is so costly. But he thought it was important for me to see exactly what the money pays for.

We walked out of his office at the University of Maryland one balmy evening in February and drove to a clinic on the other side of Baltimore where his patients, who have chronic kidney failure, sit beside machines that do for them what their own bodies cannot. They are kept alive this way.

An artificial kidney costs about $5000, and the cost of using one in a clinic like the one we visited is about $23,000 a year. Using one at home costs between $7000 and $14,000 a year, depending on the amount of professional help you need. The machine takes blood from a plastic tube fixed in the arm (called a "shunt"), or from a vein that has been operated on to make it ready for needles, circulates it through a plastic filter that removes natural poisons in a process called "dialysis" and then returns it to the body. Each patient must be connected to a machine at least four

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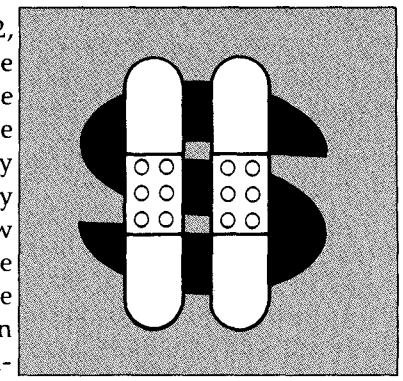
hours a day, three days a week, 52 weeks a year until someone gives him or her a kidney for transplantation. Not everyone is fit to receive a transplant, and those who aren't must stay on the machine forever. At the moment, there are 5000 who want and could use transplants but cannot have them because the kidneys are not available. Doctors and computers allocate the ones that become available through an informal system.

The experts says that people on dialysis can become frighteningly passive. They become peevish too, or "soft" as one federal administrator explained to me. The poor are particularly vulnerable because their families are held together by fragile bonds. They are often fired from work when they get sick; everything around them may disintegrate. Because Dr. Sadler works at a university hospital in the middle of the city and does not turn "undesirables" away, he has a lot of poor patients. Once they have found help, many of these people do not have the spirit to do anything more than make it to the dialysis center three times a week for their rendezvous with the machine.

Sadler calls himself "a country boy from South Carolina." On our visit he never passed up a chance to kid his patients about getting back to work. About 14 people were sitting in extended green vinyl chairs in a large flourescent-lit room. Two technicians were looking at charts and checking the machines. We stopped beside an Irishman, a retired electrician who was introduced with a wink as the worst patient. The doctor asked how he was. He said, "terrible." They talked about blood pressure, machinery and bleeding, and then joked about a trip to Texas the patient was embarking on. Rose-colored tubes came from the man's arm in a loop to the deck of the machine. Sadler explained the parts. A circular motor thumped a regular pulse through the tubes. There was a clear liquid to prevent clotting, a pressure gauge, an alarm with a beeper and blinking light, a long cannister full of clean dialysate liquid and a warming device to keep it all at 98.6 degrees.

We stopped next by an elderly black woman who was introduced as being very nice but very devious. She giggled and, when asked, replied that yes, she was still working—cleaning house for those same old friends. Sadler reached over and turned her arm outward to show where a vein had been prepared for the needles. It wasn't ready yet, so she was still connected by the tubes in her forearm called the shunt. I must have gone pale, because Sadler asked if I was all right. Next we saw a young and muscular black man, introduced as a retired petty criminal. Sadler patted him on the head, scolded him for eating a bag of pretzels even though they were the low-sodium kind, and discussed tube gauge sizes.

There were others: a black child who had lost a kidney because he had failed "to take care of it," a middle-aged black woman, a middle-aged white woman, a young woman with a lollipop who said, "Come interview me, dialysis ain't so bad," and a man slumped in a chair with a gray hand over his face. Sadler pointed to the three employees of the Social Security Administration and said, "that's how we pay them back for the trouble they give us."



If today were 1972, most of these people would be dead because they would not be able to pay for their kidney machines. They probably don't know it, but Sadler was one of a handful of people who lobbied an obscure bit of legislation through Congress that now pays for kidney transplants and dialysis for most people who need help. It's financed by Social Security taxes and funded through the medicare program, which was really designed to care for old people. Social Security administers the money, with the customary load of red tape and form-filling (thus Sadler's revenge). The program is important for several reasons: it gives a fascinating view of the way the government can get involved in health care, it shows how subsidies create huge kingdoms overnight and above all it demonstrates how difficult it is to restrain spending on a good cause.

Medicare's "End-Stage Renal Disease" program was born when the Senate met on a Saturday morning in September, 1972, and passed a brief floor amendment to the Social Security reform bill. No hearings had been held on the clause as it was offered. The proposal just appeared on the floor and was passed after a short debate. The idea had been around for a long time in the bureaucracy and in Congress, and as far back as 1966 the White House had toyed with it—at that time as part of a general spending initiative that might go into effect if the Vietnam war should come to a sudden end.

The Senate may not have had a clear idea of what it was voting for, but the amendment's supporters certainly did. The chief advocates were Democratic Senators Russell Long of Louisiana and Vance Hartke of Indiana. Hartke told those who were present that "more than 8000 Americans will die this year from kidney disease . . . because they cannot afford an artificial kidney machine or a kidney transplant . . . . How do we explain that the difference between life and death is a matter of dollars?" The senators voted overwhelmingly for it; it seemed so small a price for so much good. Charles Plante, the lobbyist for the Kidney Foundation who helped the staff of the Senate Finance Committee draft the law, denies that it was done hastily. There was no "backdoor syndrome," he

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said recently. "It was fully discussed after it passed the Senate in conference." Sadler, who helped out in a lesser role, had a different impression. He said that a "couple dozen" nephrologists (kidney specialists) around the country decided it was time to do something, and that it would be great if they could get their patients covered by medicare. They met with two members of the Senate Finance Committee staff and these gentlemen "just stuck a couple of lines in there." As Sadler put it, "We slipped it through."

The senators who voted for the little amendment were told in floor debate it would cost about $100 million a year at first, and no more than $250 million in 1976. Last year the total cost of the kidney program was around one billion dollars, of which the government paid about $600 million. In a few more years, the total cost will rise to two billion dollars, which is now predicted to be the final stopping point. Jim Mongan of the Finance Committee staff said that if the kidney program is put in the context of all medicare spending, it's peanuts. Medicare costs have quadrupled since 1967. "The whole goddamn program's gone wild. I think it's a little unfair to pin it all on kidneys." There were no preliminary hearings on this program, Mongan explained, because the Finance Committee already had expressed its interest in doing a small-scale trial run of catastrophic health insurance; kidneys fit the bill. "Everyone felt that these costs were something you were going to have to bear anyway." So they did it.

When the government stepped in, everything changed. Most important, dialysis was no longer something for the elite. Almost anyone with chronic kidney failure can now get help. The only exceptions are those who aren't covered by Social Security. The nephrologists and their patients were happy to get the federal support, but the doctors, in particular, were less enchanted by the federal regulations and reporting requirements that followed. Sadler said, "We asked for medicare without knowing what we were getting into." The medicare system, structured around the needs of the elderly, simply wouldn't bend easily to new uses. It was cumbersome, slow-moving and heavy with inappropriate precedents. Its managers were unfamiliar with the new task. Sadler: "We confronted a bureaucracy that had no idea what to do."

There followed a tremendous quarrel over who would tell the bureaucracy what to do. It was bitter and tedious—so much so that the final regulations for the 1972 amendment were not published until last fall, even though medicare has been passing out money since July of 1973. The quarrel, as best I can make it out, was between a group of medical school physicians who were determined to keep the program rigidly honest, and, on the other side, the nephrologists in private practice, who felt that the regulations had been designed to empower the medical schools in a new empire and crush the independent practitioners. The first draft of the regulations and the current modified version are called "repressive." (Dr. Sadler's word.) The doctors rebelled, the academics backed off and the bureaucracy struck a compromise that seems to represent the lowest common denominator. The people who want statistics got approval for massive data-gathering, the doctors got a larger measure of freedom to collect fees as they wished, the medical schools still dominate their neighborhoods and the profit-makers are making millions.

The regulations are quite complex and demanding. Everything down to the qualifications of a dialysis technician is defined. Sadler has hired one part-time and two full-time employees to handle the additional paper in his organization. Despite the frenetic paper processing, the government is not quite as firmly in command as it would like to appear. Here are some of the anomalies in the program, suggesting that the bureaucracy may not have the firm grip that it claims to have.

- Although HEW tried to impose a moratorium on the opening of new kidney dialysis centers while regulations were being drawn up, it lacked the resolve to do so. Under an "interim" exemption program, the number of approved dialysis centers doubled between 1972 and 1977. There are now 860 or so approved to receive medicare funds, many of them profit makers.
- After the law passed, the portion of patients on home dialysis (by far the cheaper method) has declined from 37 percent to 25 percent, while the percentage in centers has grown and continues to grow. And even though it costs less over the long term to buy a dialysis machine than to rent it, patients on home dialysis must now lease machines (often at very high interest rates from dialysis centers) because medicare requires it. Sadler estimates that this method is 80 percent more costly than outright purchase.
- Because it couldn't come to grips with the problem of setting doctors' fees, the Social Security Administration simply allows every dialysis center to charge up to $150 per patient per dialysis. That covers all costs. A study done by the National Institute of Arthritis, Metabolism and Digestive Diseases in 1974, published last year, found that the actual cost of giving dialysis outside the hospital is around $106 on the average. But the one item of cost the study could not pin down, though it was included in the total cost, was the amount paid in doctors' fees. As one of the authors put it, "We were unable to get good data on the cost of physician services. . . the community was really sensitive about anyone trying to record data on actual physician involvement. It just became politically impossible to do."
- Dialysis is only a maintenance operation; it does not cure the disease or reduce the need for treatment. Yet

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the Oversight Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee reported in October 1975 that it "knows of no disease which is so costly to the public treasury but for which so little is being spent to find a prevention."

• Although the program was conceived as a charitable gesture, some people are making quite handsome profits out of it. About 20 percent of the dialysis patients in the US are now enrolled by their doctors in facilities managed by *one* for-profit corporation known as National Medical Care (the capital gathering part) and Biomedical Applications (the managerial part). They have 60 centers around the country and hope to expand to 75. A subsidiary, Erika, manufactures a disposable filter used in dialysis machines and, as one might expect, BMA uses Erika filters. In January, a large medical supply firm called Becton Dickinson announced that it was taking over BMA (price $143 million). Becton Dickinson also has acquired a manufacturer of dialysis machines called Drake-Willock. If all goes according to plan, one corporation will soon have the market pretty well in hand. National Medical Care had profits in the first nine months of 1976 of $6.3 million. The risk of allowing one large company to dominate is that it may discourage other kinds of treatment: home dialysis, transplantation or even the use of competing, but superior, technologies not owned by the big company.

•The kidney centers are supposed to operate under a system of self-policing "networks" based on 32 regional patient referral patterns. (The Florida network is dominated by BMA centers, and has just elected BMA people to be president and vice president of the executive council and chairman of the medical review board.) Federal health programs are so confused, however, that the borders of these networks do not coincide with federal health service planning districts, with federally sponsored peer review districts or with county, city, state or any other jurisdictional lines. Some of the duties given to the kidney networks have also been given to other regional authorities. No one really knows who is in charge. The authority in Washington, DC has also been minced and divided among the Social Security Administration, which pays the bills, the Public Health Service, which maintains quality, the Food and Drug Administration, which registers and approves devices, the National Institutes of Health, which do research, and the many, many tough decisionmakers at the headquarters of HEW. Chaos looms.

Government health specialists regard the kidney program as a model of efficiency, compared to other federal medical plans. It was created with an eye to controlling costs. In the early days, dialysis in hospitals cost as much as $350 a shot. The kidney centers, some profit-making and some non-profit, have not lobbied to increase the $150 top rate they may charge for each dialysis since the program began four years ago. As a result, medicare spending for kidney patients went up only eight percent in 1976, compared to 18 percent per-patient for the rest of the medicare program. But if this is what an efficient government health-care program looks like, it makes one shudder to think what a national health program will cost if the government pays private doctors for their services with little or no control over what they charge.

Every critic of the kidney program I talked to mentioned as its chief anomaly the low percentage of patients receiving dialysis at home rather than in centers or hospitals, even though home dialysis is demonstrably cheaper. But this last fact in itself is a staggering indictment of cost control in medical institutions. It is that cheaper for each kidney patient to have a machine at home, with the help of a paid "dialysis aide" than it is to use machines and staff at a large central institution.

But the real question the kidney program poses has nothing to do with inefficiency. The question is: how much are we willing to pay, even under the most efficient conditions, to keep a fellow citizen alive on a machine? Would Congress pass the kidney amendment today if it knew it would cost around two billion dollars a year and help only 70,000 people? The cost of supporting someone on dialysis for a year is more than an average taxpayer makes.

If the answer is that kidney dialysis is well worth the price, then a new list of questions presents itself. How about care for hemophiliacs? There are more of them than victims of kidney failure. (Keep in mind that the experts may have underestimated the number of kidney patients because, before medicare stepped in, doctors and hospitals were letting poor people die of kidney failure and not reporting it. The same may be true for other diseases.) What about artificial hearts, heart transplants and coronary by-pass operations? What about cobalt therapy and chemotherapy for cancer patients? What about intensive-care burn centers and flying ambulances? These services are not now universally available, and people die every year as a result.

If all of these seem worth the price, will anything be left to pay for the cure? Advanced medical techniques like renal dialysis attack the symptom of disease but not the source. When the entire economy grows, all forms of medical improvements move ahead together. But when it stagnates, as is the case now in the US, the total sum available for spending on health does not increase. And in this situation, money spent on high technology reduces the amount available for other things like research and broad health programs that serve a large population and may help to prevent the occurrence of serious disease later on. Buying the heavy technology not only costs a lot of money now, but it may make it more difficult to pay for the kind of research that might produce a real solution later.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Hem and Hockey

Islands in the Stream (Paramount). This is a "Because It is There" film. They come along with ponderous inevitability, these pictures made from Big Books. It doesn't matter whether or not the book in question is good or especially filmable. If it's Big enough it gets filmed because, like Everest, It Is There. There was McCarthy's *The Group*, Cozzens's *By Love Possessed*, Porter's *Ship of Fools*. . . . numberless others. The only mercy I can think of is that the filming of Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner* seems to have got permanently stuck.

And now here's Hemingway's posthumous novel. No expense has been spared—certainly not enough has been spared—to bring us a film of this thematically repetitious, inflated, sometimes self-parodic, unfinished book. Behind the enterprise one feels the burning zeal of committed exploitation—not exactly the same as a zeal to make a film for intrinsic reasons, still it's a dynamics and it saw this enterprise through. Right to its bloated wearisome conclusion.

The producers Peter Bart and Max Palevsky found their screenwriter in Denne Bart Petitclerc whose credentials, besides the sheer decorative value of his name, were experience as a war correspondent, friendship with Hemingway, authorship of a racing novel filmed by Steve McQueen, and the creation of two TV Western series. Petitclerc has chopped and shuffled around and has come up with a script that, admittedly, still has some relation to its source. Details of alterations are not important in this case; all of them tend to the heightening of heart-tug.

Franklin J. Schaffner and Fred J. Koenekamp and George C. Scott were engaged, the director and cinematographer and star of *Patton*. None of the three works with any of the excitement of *Patton*, any of the finish. The only similarity for me was that, as with *Patton*, a kind of revulsion set in early, though here it was a quite different kind.

Scott is of course Thomas Hudson, the Hemingway vicar-character, a successful artist living on a Caribbean island. (He's been changed from a painter to a sculptor in metal so that we can see him doing rugged things with torches and goggles.) The time is the outbreak of the Second War, and German subs are causing trouble in the Caribbean. A few Jewish refugees are making it to this island, and a small-boat captain is running them illegally to Cuba—for a fee, one assumes, though it's not mentioned.

In this atmosphere, Hudson is visited by the three sons he has had by two wives. It's the first reunion of father and sons in four years, and they spend a good summer together, mostly fishing. When the boys leave, the oldest says he's going to enlist in the RAF. Some time later that boy's mother (Claire Bloom) suddenly appears for a visit. She's the one woman whom Hudson has really loved. Soon he divines that she's come to tell him that their son was killed. After she goes, Hudson decides to leave the island. On the way to Florida he encounters Responsibility. The refugee-runner's boat is in trouble. Hudson takes on the refugees, runs them to Cuba, and gets killed.

For me, everything of hard value in Hemingway's posthumous novel had been more succinctly and beautifully fixed in his book of memoirs *A Moveable Feast*, a small gem about memory and loss and the burdens of realization. Still, out of the novel a lean and cutting script might have been made, in which the protagonist—and this was apparently part of Hemingway's originating fantasy—gets a second chance; with all of it counterpointed against his travails as an artist. Of the latter there is no hint: despite the shots of the torch and the metal pieces Hudson might as well have been a plumber. Of the former there are only big windy spaces to show where the picture could have happened.

And what murders it, what causes the revulsion to set in early, is that the film is the most cruel and mocking cartoon of the Hemingway personality that could be imagined—unwittingly done, no doubt, but surely so, Hudson is always calm, always sagacious, always *right*—and if not immediately right, then eventually justified. He and his friends are members of a secret society of superiority, they're all the Right Sort, and they know at once whether any newcomer is the Right Sort. And what's more, this Hudson, this quiet sure taciturn man, is loved, folks. No, he's adored. Here are the people who adore him: his black houseman; his rummy English friend, his three sons, the town prostitute, the refugee-running skipper, the skipper's mate, and the estranged wife who comes to visit him. The total effect is to take the self-adoring tight-jawed masculinity of Hemingway that haunts all his work even at its best, extract it, and aggrandize it as in a crazy-house mirror.

With this otiose role Scott does more than any other American actor could, but he cannot possibly be interesting. He has one good moment—when, *with the back of his neck*, he conveys that he has sensed the reason for his wife's visit. Bloom, always better on screen than she is on stage, still can't really make anything of this stooge part. The very first scenic shots, rocks and sea and coast, tell us that Schaffner and Koenekamp have not got off their imaginative butts. The one sequence that could have been exciting, in a commonplace way, a boy fishing a marlin, is marred by some obviously inserted footage.

Slap Shot (Universal). This is an "Inside a Sport" picture. Many dozens of pictures have taken us inside boxing or football or various kinds of racing. This, to my knowledge, is the first about hockey, starring Paul Newman who has already taken us inside auto-racing and pool-sharking.

The script was written by a young

Films Worth Seeing

Cousin Cousine. A French romance about sex, posing, pleasantly enough, as some truth on the matter.

The Marquise of O . . . Eric Rohmer's fine film (his first in German) from Kleist's great story.

Network. Suspend your disbelief and enjoy Paddy Chayefsky's razzle-dazzle about TV power-plays. Well acted and directed.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes, Sigmund Freud, bright dialogue and polished acting. Enough?

SK

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woman, Nancy Dowd, a film school graduate. It's about the fortunes of a seedy hockey team in a Massachusetts mill town, with Newman as the senior player and playing coach. The first half of the script is good fast conventional stuff—the traditional sports-film procedure moved this time into hockey and utilizing to the fullest the new permissiveness about sexual activity and raunchy language. There's good locker-room gab, front-office gab, press and radio reporter gab, terrific action stuff on the ice, and an assortment of "off-stage" women—dates, groupies and hockey wives in place of baseball wives or test-pilot wives or all the other film wives through the decades who have either put up or not put up with their husbands' occupations.

George Roy Hill is at the least a competent director and is made to look even better by Dede Allen's acute editing. All the men are cast with a good feeling for the right mug, most of the girls are attractive, and for the first hour it's fun.

And even for a while after the script slips, there's some Three Stooges slam-bang fun. But then it gets too silly. Because the team is slipping and may be sold, Newman cooks up a plan to get it sold *well*. To boost business he starts a policy of deliberate roughhouse that turns each game into an almost continuous brawl. Crowds multiply but credibility thins. The ending is so silly that it isn't even incredible. Besides, the script commits a fundamental error: it takes the climax out of the hero's hands, puts the solution into someone else's hands, and makes the hero a mere spectator of the finish.

Newman is attractive, but it's all just one more lazy part for the good actor still lying dormant in him. Doesn't he ever want to act again? His best scene is with one of our best younger theater actresses, Kathryn Walker, who plays the team's previously anonymous owner. Walker seems to have sparked him a bit.

Hemingway the Painter

The eye sees more than the heart knows.
William Blake

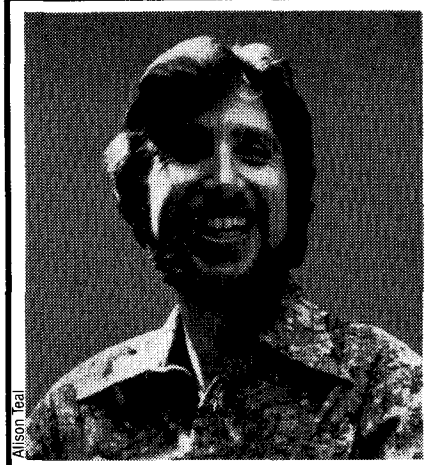
The more your painters paint apples, and even lines which do not represent objects, the more they talk about themselves. For me it is the world that counts.

Kama the painter in André Malraux's *Man's Fate*

Fifteen years after his death, I still feel saturated with Hemingway the man, the influence, the style. My greatest tribute to him is that I can reread his best work with the same feeling of being recharged that I had 30 or 40 years ago. His most fervent conviction—*d'abord, c'est faut durer*, the first thing is to *last*—has turned out to be truer of his work than of the man. He reiterated this as his usual appeal to magic when the bottom began to fall out of things in the 1930s. I used to think that this formula was just Hemingway swagger hiding all too understandable fear, the late Hemingway blather directed to bartenders and gossip columnists, the more tiresome troops in his world-covering entourage collecting around our hero to tell him how great he was.

Blather it was, at the end. But as with so many of his sayings, he lived it. He may have been as complicated a man as ever was, but for the best part of his career the artist, as he liked to say, was simple and true. Hemingway fulfilled his deepest instincts as a writer. His personality, even for an American writer, was chaotic to an extreme. He frightened many people. He could seem the most far-out expression of the acquisitive blustering American ego. No American writer of his gifts so narcissistically exploited his celebrity. Most of his hangers-on, several of his friends and certainly some of his women, did not know the difference between his celebrity and his talent. Yet what remains is in a sense everything.

Hemingway made real and concrete the first essential in the act of writing: to put life back on the page, to make us see and feel and taste the gift of life in its unalloyed and irreducible reality. Since all we really know is the vivid possession of our own consciousness, since the alternative to life is something we know nothing about, the livingness of being alive is the inescapable drama of our existence. We naturally respond to the


Alison Teal

Morris Dickstein on the history and the histrionics of the sixties

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best writers because they make us feel even more alive. When I read Hemingway, my spontaneous reaction is pleasure. My pleasure has been formed by the cunning way sentences fall, by the bright echoing separateness of the words, by the picture a passage immediately brings to mind. I have been brought closer to an exceptional vividness, closer to the picture in Hemingway's mind.

Closeness to something nebulous and fleeting in the writer's mind is what writing does for us. The impressions moving through our heads all day and night are insubstantial and fugitive. They can feel so far away to the writer himself! But when realized, they bring us close to a world so dense and thick, each detail oddly magnified, that the unexpected stimulus to our consciousness can be a sense of excess. Like many esthetic achievements, this may be felt first as pain. The greatest single moment for me in *A Farewell to Arms* is the confrontation on the bank of the river between the Italian battle police and the officers separated from their troops in the retreat at Caporetto. I never turn back to this scene without a quiver of terror as the questioning of the hapless officers is followed by their immediate "execution." It is night. The lights being flashed by the battle police into face after face remind us of the unnaturally bright faces of the condemned men being shot by the light of torches in Goya's *Disasters Of War.*

They took me down behind the line of officers below the road toward a group of people in a field by the river bank. As we walked toward them shots were fired. I saw flashes of the rifles and heard the reports. We came up to the group. There were four officers standing together, with a man in front of them with a carabiniere on each side of him. A group of men were standing guarded by carabinieri. Four other carabinieri stood near the questioning officers, leaning on their carbines. They were wide-hatted carabinieri. The two who had me shoved me in with the group.

. . . I looked at the man the officers were questioning. He was the fat gray-haired little lieutenant-colonel they had taken out of the column. The questioners had all the efficiency, coldness and command of themselves of Italians who are firing and are not being fired on.

"Your brigade?"

He told them.

"Why are you not with your regiment?"

He told them.

"Do you not know that an officer should be with his troops?"

He did.

That was all.

"It is you and such as you that have let the barbarians onto the sacred soil of the fatherland."

"I beg your pardon," said the lieutenant-colonel.

"It is because of treachery such as yours that we have lost the fruits of victory."

"Have you ever been in a retreat?" the lieutenant-colonel asked.

"Italy should never retreat."

We stood there in the rain and listened to this. We were facing the officers and the prisoner stood in front and a little to one side of us.

"If you are going to shoot me," the lieutenant-colonel said, "please shoot me without further questioning. The questioning is stupid." He made the sign of the cross. The officers spoke together. One wrote something on a pad of paper.

"Abandoned his troops, ordered to be shot," he said.

The "picture" is certainly very distinct—and so is the paragraphing. The "fat gray little lieutenant-colonel" is on that page forever, especially when he says with perfect contempt, "Please shoot me at once without further questioning. The questioning is stupid." *Stupido* itself is a word of total contempt. Generations of students have by now learned *reduction, foreshortening, irony* by which to describe *how* Hemingway makes us see, brings us close to, that scene by the river. The *seeing* is all-important; Hemingway learned many things from painters, and from extraordinarily visual scenes by other novelists, that enabled him to get Caporetto just right. But a key to the scene is Hemingway's need to show that while the questioning and the shooting are mistaken, totally unjust, as hideously *wrong* as anything can be, this is what stoical men "in our time" like the fat little lieutenant colonel have to accept.

Hemingway had many gifts. His greatest gift, the foundation of all his marvelous pictorial effects, was his sense of some enduring injustice, of some fundamental wrongness at the heart of things. "There is a great disorder under Heaven," the Chinese say. Today they draw political cheer from this. Hemingway, brought up on the old American religion of the self-sufficient individual, felt that the public world was pushing him and everyone else toward an abyss. His great teacher in Paris, Gertrude Stein, who was as resentful of him when he became famous as he was of her for condescending to him—and he was a frighteningly, a violently insecure man whom it was dangerous to slight—nevertheless put the forthcoming theme with her usual aphoristic brilliance when she said that in the 20th century nothing is in agreement with anything else.

Hemingway was born in the last year of the old century and fated to become one of the great expressors of enduring disorder in this century. His sense of incongruity came out as an uncanny intuition of stress, of the danger point, the intolerable pressure level in life personal and political. Women have their body fears and men have theirs: both related to the sexual organs, to sexual vulnerability and sexual fears. I do not know just where and how this famously rugged, fearless, sometimes madly aggressive sportsman developed that special fear of violation and of mutilation—it is hinted at in *Up In Michigan*—that he was able to project back on the world with a burning intuition of the *world's* inherent cruelty, danger, injustice. No good artist is explained by sexual vulnerability. If that were so, the world would be crowded with Hemingways. But in the mysterious inner transaction between Hemingway's gifts and his easily bruised psyche something resulted—a form of self-disapproval at being so vulnerable that had to be hidden, a profoundly shrewd premonition that the 20th century would be a chain of wars, of violent revolutions and holocausts. More phlegmatic types would not have suffered *and* understood. Gertrude Stein was so vain that living under the Nazi occupation in France, she felt mysteriously protected—and was.

Hemingway was brought up to be a proper young Christian gentleman in the most suffocatingly proper suburb of Chicago, Oak Park, "where the saloons end and the churches begin." He was a natural rebel and at 18 ran off to serve as an ambulance driver with the Red Cross in Italy. He certainly convinced his family that he was just another hell-raiser, like many another young men of

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good family bursting with sexual energy and general lust for action. But while he assumed this role to the end of his life, he had the intuition of something terribly wrong in his immediate moral environment, of something wrong with his family's pious professions and with the surrounding Midwest optimism. He was to make presentation of the "real thing," as he liked to call the necessary truth, vital to his sense of life. As professors of English do not tell the young—but leave their students to discover for themselves — society, the body politic, the "world" that makes continually for war and social disorder, works as fiercely on people's unconscious as sex, becomes their true intuitions. This often unhinges them without their recognizing it as politics, common fate.

Ernest Hemingway *by Jack Coughlin*

Hemingway's attraction to violence, to hunting and fishing, to war—he saw a lot of war, but was never a soldier—was not just a form of adventure and roaming and self-testing in the usual flamboyant masculine way. It was a way of coming close to certain fundamental ordeals. From the beginning, despite or because of his upbringing, these fascinated him as a clue to what he graphically called "In our time." Like so many great modern writers, he was of solid bourgeois background and therefore knew that morally, the bourgeois world was bankrupt.

Confronting danger everywhere, he made himself one with his time by running full tilt into everything that would bring a fresh emergency into his life. And everything certainly did. Gertrude Stein laughed in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* that for a man so professionally virile and athletic, Hemingway was certainly fragile. John Dos Passos was to say in *The Best Years* that Hemingway was always having to go to bed to recuperate from his many injuries. When he did not seek damage, it sought him. From boyhood on he had suffered accidents that were grotesque in their violence to this body they did not kill. As a boy he fell and had a stick driven into the back of his throat, gouging out part of both tonsils. In 1918 when he was a Red Cross worker in Italy distributing supplies to soldiers, a mortar shell exploded more than 20 fragments into his legs; he was than hit twice by machine gun bullets while carrying a more seriously injured man to the rear; as a young writer in Paris during the '20s, he was clipped on the forehead by pieces of a skylight that fell just as he was standing under it. In Wyoming in 1930 his car turned over and his right arm was pinned back by the top of the windshield and badly fractured, the bone sticking through the muscle. Another time, his brother Leicester reports, Hemingway shot a shark with a rifle, but the bullets split into several small pieces of hot lead that ricocheted into the calves of both legs. In 1949, while duck shooting in the marshes near Venice, he got a bit of shell wadding blown into his eye, and a serious infection developed; in 1953 he crash-landed in Africa, the rescue plane that picked him up crashed and burned; when he reached medical aid at Nairobi, just in time to read his obituaries, his internal organs had been wrenched out of place, his spine was injured, and he was bleeding from every orifice.

It is absurd to separate Hemingway from his work. He pushed his life at the reader, made his fascination with death and danger the central theme in his many pages about bullfighting, sport, war, brought the reader closer to his own fascination with violence and terror as a central political drama. His great gift was to locate these repeated episodes of violence (so linked by some profound compulsion that we anticipated the shotgun suicide) in the Turks expelling the Greeks in the lacerating inner chapters of *In Our Time*, in the horns perforating the bullfighter in *Death in the Afternoon* so that all the internal organs were sliced through at once, in the very impotence of Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*, Colonel Cantwell in *Across the River and into the Trees*.

One could go on, as Hemingway certainly did, from the early story "Indian Camp," where the Indian husband in the upper bunk cuts his throat as the doctor in the bunk below performs a caesarian on his wife with a jack-knife and sews her up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders, to the ridiculously inflated episodes in the posthumous *Islands In The Stream* which tells us that Hemingway talked of going after German submarines all by himself. But the point is that Hemingway was a soul at war. He wins our assent perhaps now more than ever, because it is the "outside" world that is increasingly violent. Hemingway may have been as big a braggart and egotist as ever lived,

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but he had the stamp of the true artist. His emotions were prophetic, his antennae were out to the truth. He knew that destruction is a god over our lives, that fear of death shapes us, that without any belief in immortality there can be no expectation of justice, so that the whole ghastly century is beginning to look like one unending chain of murder and retribution.

Hemingway's greatest gift was to identify his own capacity for pain with the destructiveness at large in our time. The artist works by locating the world in himself. Hemingway did something more: he located in himself his century's infatuation with technology, technique, instruments of every kind. Hemingway was recognized as an original, he fascinated and magnetized, because his theme was the greatest possible disturbance. His own sense of this was cold, proud know-how professionally detached and above all concerned with applying a systematic consistent *method* to everything he described. Obviously one attraction of sport, war, bullfighting was that each called for the maximum concentration of technique. Hemingway was clever and informed and quick to tell you what he knew. He always made a point of giving you in the midst of a story the exact name of a wine, the exact horsepower of a machine, even the exact moment in Paris—remember Lady Brett's entrance in *The Sun Also Rises*—when a woman appeared in a tight sweater and skirt so that she looked like the sides of a yacht. "She started all that."

Hemingway liked to write, as Nick Adams liked to make camp in "Big Two-Hearted River," from technical detail to detail. He had grown up in a world where men still travelled by horse, took care of their horses, still repaired things themselves, walked everywhere, often grew or shot their own food. He believed in the work of your own hands even to the point of usually writing by hand. It was this that led him to his great discovery of what painting could do for writers. Newspaper work for the *Kansas City Star* and the *Toronto Star* had taught him the first basic: to write professionally is to write *to* somebody else's mind and you have to lay out all the facts in an assured, flat, knowing manner without the slightest suggestion or indecision or demonstrative emotion about what you know. You have to "reach the reader," said managing editors, to write for a newspaper so that said reader will distinguish Ernest M. Hemingway from a dozen other newsvendors.

The paintings young Hemingway saw in France, most intimately at Gertrude Stein's flat, 27 Rue de Fleurus, were spellbindingly the work of an artist's own hand, of new theories of perception, of common physical materials. Nothing could have been more instantly pleasing to his imagination and his native sense of things. Painting was the decisive experience for an American abroad; "Europe" could seem one great painting. Painting stimulated a young reporter, already shrewdly aware of war and sport as the stuff of literature, to think of writing as a method. Painting was to do more for Hemingway than it was to do even for Stein, who in the end cared for painters more than for painting. "Genius" and "personality" were to become her topics. Stein could not draw at all and in fact had to leave Johns Hopkins Medical School because of this and other failures in observation. Her famous Cézannes had been discovered and bought by her erratic brother Leo, her Matisses by Michael and Sally Stein. She kept the family collection when Leo was infuriated by cubism and stopped buying paintings She depended on painting for the mental impressions that were her specialty. Unlike Hemingway, she had little feeling for the sensuous world. Her great interest was psychology, the "bottom truth" about anybody she met. Proceeding from psychology to composition, she became fascinated by what she felt to be the human mind as its own self-sufficient subject. "The human mind writes what it is . . . The human mind consists only in writing down what is written and therefore it has no relation to human nature."

Stein was a profoundly clever theoretician, a great aphorist and wit, and a true inventor of composition based on what she called "the continuous present." Without seeing her painting, without listening to the infatuated conversation about painting at 27 Rue de Fleurus, Hemingway might not have become Hemingway at all. As *she* was jealously to charge in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, Hemingway was a sedulous ape, an all too adept pupil of other people's ideas and methods. But her comparative indifference to the subject matter of painting and the way she took off *from* painting to emphasize for psychological purposes the authority of the eye gave Hemingway the advantage over her.

Stein was fascinated by the small particular difference that distinguished identically made objects, like her Ford car, from each other. Sentences were all sentences, but each sentence was itself. She believed that the single sentence is the key to writing, and she certainly practiced what she preached: "in composition one thing is as important as another thing." As Kenneth Burke was to say, we have been sentenced to the sentence. It was *sentences* she heard from her family's black retainers. As a very bright student in William James's psychology courses, she was on the track of the individual self-contained statement as disclosure. She was to see the sentence as orphic revelation: hers! So a sentence could become the glowing unit of a page, the building block of literature. But she was arrogant, she saw herself as a sybil without fear or reproach, and writing through the night in the morning (Toklas would worshipfully pick up and type the scattered scrawled sheets) she heedlessly wrote straight from the ear to the paper. Her last books, like Hemingway's last books, showed the expansion and disintegration of a style founded on concentration.

Stein's genius was for conversation and especially for listening to other people's conversation. What fascinated her in the "new" painting by Cézanne

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and Matisse was the fact that something, anything, could be done by a temperament sufficiently self-willed—the slashing lines and thickly encrusted colors, Matisse in particular with his use of color *as* line, the thick joyously rhythmical color building up an impression totally sufficient to the design that would satisfy the eye! Every image is made up of minute particulars. Every particular is realized by the maximum concentration and toil. The *world* is built up from such particulars. As the cubists soon proved, an object is a form made up of inherent forms. We go from cube to cube, atom to atom, as nature did in the long creation of every living thing that makes up the whole.

Hemingway's approach to painting was more diffident but actually closer to sensuous content and to his own delight in method. The difference between the two can be seen even in their handwritings. Her letters were tall, sprawling, intensely mental with the large tell-tale spaces between words that were so characteristic of her reflective mind. His letters were close, carefully and slowly shaped. They remind me of Nick Adams making camp in "Big Two Hearted River," another demonstration of Hemingway's own planned, anxiously careful tidy assemblage of words as objects.

He started a fire with some chunks of pine he got with the ax from a stump. Over the fire he stuck a wire grill, pushing the four legs down into the ground with the boot. Nick put the frying pan on the grill over the flames. He was hungrier. The beans and spaghetti warmed. Nick stirred them and mixed them together. They began to bubble, making little bubbles that rose with difficulty to the surface. There was a good smell. Nick got out a bottle of tomato catchup and cut four slices of bread. The little bubbles were coming faster now. Nick sat down beside the fire and lifted the frying pan off.

Of course the great precedent to all this, Hemingway acknowledged, was *Huckleberry Finn*. There is a passage in "Big Two Hearted River" in which Nick Adams packs his captured trout between layers of fern. It reminds me of Huck planning to escape his father. He methodically lists the things he has, the things he has gained, the things he is sure of. "The old man made me go to the the skiff and fetch the things he had got. There was a fifty-pound sack of corn meal and a side of bacon, ammunition, and a four-gallon jug of whiskey and an old book and two newspapers for wadding besides some tow. I toted up a load, and went back and sat down on the bow of the skiff to rest. I thought it all over and I reckoned I would walk off with the gun and some lines and take to the woods, when I run away. I guessed I wouldn't stay in one place but just tramp right across the country, mostly nighttimes, and hunt and fish to keep alive and so get so far away that the old man nor the widow wouldn't ever find me any more."

Hemingway was naturally drawn to painting in France because it celebrated homely natural materials—like the world he knew and wanted to write about. Although he knew the pioneer collections of the Art Institute in Chicago, it was the double experience of writing English in France and of being daily stimulated by the streets, the bridges, the museums, by meeting Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, James Joyce, Ford Madox Ford, that helped to form this cunningly obedient listener into the powerfully undercutting stylist that he became. Stein said: "One of the things I have liked all these years is to be surrounded by people who know no English. It has left me more intensely alone with my eyes and my English." That is what Hemingway felt; it is his marvellous representation of this vital early experience that makes his Paris in *A Moveable Feast* so beautiful, though the book is wicked in its attempt to destroy Stein, Ford, Fitzgerald and a downright lie in his underhanded description of the collapse of his marriage to Hadley. He does not say that when he became famous he became insupportably arrogant. He was unknown, "poor and happy" in *A Moveable Feast*, but he became ferocious in the days of fame. Fame inflamed him more than liquor and turned Stein's obedient little "ape" into an inferno of unrelenting ego. It did not make him happy. Painting at least took him out of himself.

French painting did more for Hemingway than reinforce his American passion for technique, for method, for instruments, utensils. It gave him, as it did a whole generation of foreign artists in Paris, a sense of what Baudelaire called *luxe, calme et volupté*. Marc Chagall, another foreigner in Paris, said: "These colors and these forms must show, in the end, our dreams of human happiness." Hemingway lived a life of danger, near-catastrophe, was inwardly ravaged by his attraction to danger and the boozy life he led in the company of sycophants

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all over the world; he became a victim of his own celebrity. He was attracted to the harmony in painting as he was influenced by the direction it gave his imagination.

One of the recurrent themes in his work is the rallying from discomfort to comfort, from danger to safety, from death to life, from ordeal to escape. He was as much a romantic about himself as he was a cold-eyed observer of the world at large. In fact, he was so savagely competitive and such a brutal antagonist to other people that the pastoral, harmonious, cuddly sensations he described were as vital to his existence as the seeking of danger. Painting, even the most violent-looking painting by those whom the French once called *les fauves*, wild beasts, usually subsides into a source of peace. You can look at a Cézanne in 1906 and walk away from it, but in 1926 you will not remember what once jarred you. When Leo Stein first went to the picture dealer Ambrose Vollard to look at the Cézannes that Bernard Berenson told him about, he had to turn them over, one after another, from a dusty pile. Leo and Gertrude Stein, usually Leo, had to talk night and day to their friends to make them *see* these paintings. When the great Stein collection was exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the room seemed to blaze with sunlight. In 1959 I saw at the Hermitage in Leningrad post-impressionist paintings bought up by Russian merchants in Paris in the early 1900s. After 50 years, they were just being brought up from the cellars. Looking at them propped up against sofas, I thought of Bergotte in Proust's *La Prisonnière* seeing his first Vermeer and saying to himself, "That is how I ought to have written."

Painting far more than writing suggests the actual texture of human happiness. Hemingway understood that; what excited him as a writer about painting was a promise of relief from civilization, a touch of the promised land. The Hemingway hero is usually alone in nature, and the landscape he sees (and will bring back in words) is in minute particulars unseen by anyone but him. Again and again in his work this often cruel writer shows himself to be an unabashed American romantic positively melting in the presence of BEAUTY. The opening lines of *A Farewell To Arms* cast a spell. They don't altogether make sense except as pure visual impressionism, repeated and echoing Hemingway's own effort to get these "impressions" down.

In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels. Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterward the road bare and white except for the leaves.

If Cézanne's greatness lay in the removal of his subjects from the contingent world, this opening paragraph is an imitation of that removal. It is exclusively an impression from the outside, rests within the eye of the beholder. As an impression it is static, for it calls attention to the beholder's effort to capture one detail after another rather than to the scene of war. As so often happens in Hemingway's prose forays into war, bullfighting, marlin fishing, hunting, there is an unnatural pause in the last sentence—"leaves stirred by the breeze"—a forced transition made necessary by "painting" the scene in words. We positively see the writer at his easel.

What Stein caught from painting—it was a literary idea—was the ability of the writer to call attention to each stroke. Hemingway said that writing is architecture, not interior decoration. When he turned from the obedient pupil into the world-famous Ernest Hemingway, he made a great point, in talking about his own writing through his contempt for any other people's writing, of saying that they were "unreadable." *Readable* meant the reduction of the world to a line of glitteringly clear sentences. Ironically, Stein criticized his first writings as being *inaccrochable*, not hangable on a wall, not ready to be looked at. It was she, with her thousand-page soliloquies and meanderings, who turned out to be *inaccroachable*. She longed to have a great public like Hemingway. When she and the GIs discovered each other in 1944, she wouldn't let a single Brewsie and Willie go.

Hemingway had the magnetic gift of fame, of arousing attention with every word, that Stein bitterly missed. He had learned his lesson from her all too well. He had in fact learned to lasso the reader, to become his eyes and ears exactly as a Cezanne or a Matisse rivets his attention, obliterates everything around it. This works better in Hemingway's marvellous short stories, which are short and consistent, all "composition," every inch of the canvas filled, than in his novels. There he often stops the action to some scene painting and is often swaggeringly self-indulgent, both in self-portraiture and as a maker of beautiful effects.

A picture is an action that must fill up its available space. Stein was fascinated by the concentration that is behind all true painting. She was always telling Hemingway: "concentrate." He certainly learned to concentrate. The interchapters of *In Our Time*, condemned men being carried to the gallows in a chair because they lost control of their sphincter muscles and German soldiers climbing right over a wall and being potted one two three—"We shot them just like that"—showed that Hemingway was concentrating all right, right on the reader. Hemingway influenced a whole generation of journalists to become pseudo-artists, especially around Time, Inc., where every little article was called a "story," and was rewritten and rewritten as if it were a paragraph by Flaubert instead of the usual Luceite over-emphasizing the personal characteristics behind some big shot who had made this week's cover story.

Eventually, Hemingway's influence began to influence *him* too much. The famous brushwork became bloated and sometimes suggested the relaxed intention that all good American writers seek *after* writing. But Hemingway at his best understood that a short story by its very compressiveness comes nearest a lyric poem or haiku in its total intactness. A novel is by tradition too discursive, epic and widespread. Of all Hemingway's novels, *The Sun Also Rises* has the best chance of surviving, for it is more consistent in its tone, its scene and even Hemingway's scorn than *A Farewell To Arms*, which veers between the sheerest personal romanticism and Hemingway's desire to give an essentially lyric cast to his observations of the Italian-Austrian front in World War I.

More and more in his big books Hemingway, for all his genius at intuiting the trouble spots and danger points in human existence, used his well-developed style as a lyric diversion from his increasing sense of being closed in. The old rugged individualist had somehow known from the beginning that the coming century was going to be

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war on the individual. That was the dark and even ominous climate of feeling—and in the fewest, somehow punitive words—he got so unforgettably into his great stories and especially into "Big Two Hearted River"—a story that sums up the Hemingway hero's courage and despair, his farthest need and his deepest fear, in a way that also sums up the Western American's virtually sexual encounter with Nature, his adoration and awe, his sense of being too small for it, his abrupt unfulfilled confrontation of what once seemed the greatest gift to man, but somehow always threw *him* off.

Hemingway was always a deeply personal writer. The immediacy, sometimes the deliberate brutality, but above all his vulnerability to anxiety, rage, frustration and despair, gave him a masterful closeness to his kaleidoscope of emotions. He was by turns so proud yet so often stricken a human creature that the reader again and again surrenders to him. For Hemingway makes you feel in painfully distinct human detail how much the world merely echoes the endless turmoil in the human heart.

Ahead the river narrowed and went into a swamp. The river became smooth and deep and the swamp looked solid with cedar trees, their trunks close together, their branches solid. It would not be possible to walk through a swamp like that. The branches grew so low.

. . . He did not feel like going into the swamp. He looked down the river. A big cedar slanted all the way across the stream. Beyond that the river went into the swamp.

Nick did not want to go in there now. He felt a reaction against deep wading with the water deepening up under his armpits, to hook big trout in places impossible to land them. In the swamp the banks were bare, the big cedars came together overhead, the sun did not come through, except in patches; in the fast deep water, in the half light, the fishing would be tragic. In the swamp fishing was a tragic adventure. Nick did not want it. He did not want to go down the stream any further today.

Hemingway was a painfully complex man who was indeed as gifted and yes, as "brave" as he claimed to be. He did his work. He hauntingly intimated on paper some fundamental conflicts that like all of us he did not resolve in the flesh. Especially not in the flesh. Nor did he realize these conflicts in his novels as the great novelists have done. He was too

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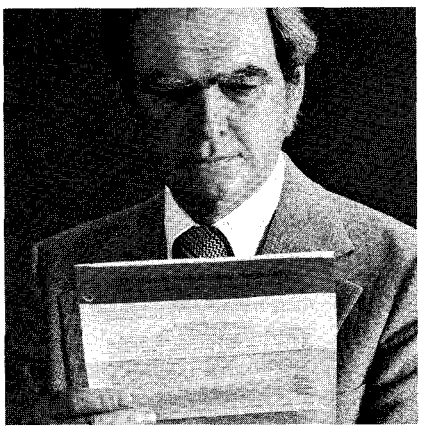

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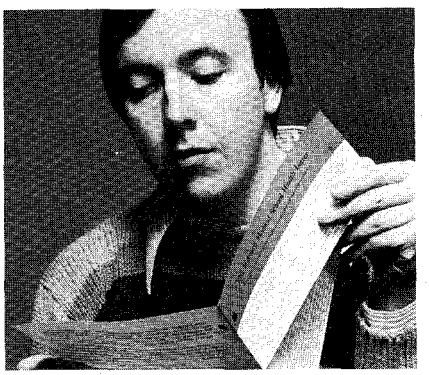

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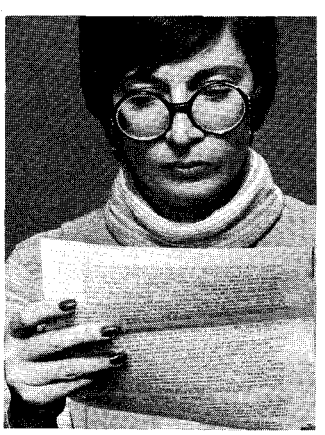

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immature and self-absorbed, in the fashion of so many gifted Americans maddened by the gap between their talent and their vulnerability. What made Hemingway important, what will keep his best work forever fresh, was his ability to express a certain feeling of hazard that men in particular do not suffer any less just because they go out of their way to meet it. Who is to say how much this sense of hazard, peril, danger, with its constant rehearsal of the final and perhaps only real battle, with death as the embodiment of a universe that is simply not ours alone, that may not be ours at all, who is to say how much Hemingway sought it out for his natural subject matter as much as it constantly whipped *him* to prove himself again and again? In Gregory Hemingway's memoir, he says that he felt "relief when they lowered my father's body into the ground and I realized that he was really dead, that I couldn't disappoint him, couldn't hurt him anymore . . . .

"I hope it's peaceful, finally, But oh God, I knew there was no peace after death. If only it were different, because nobody ever dreamed of, or longed for, or experienced, less peace then he."

This is the truth about Hemingway that all the carousing and boasting could not conceal. Yet it is one that every reader recognizes with gratitude as the heart of the darkness that Hemingway unforgettably described: the sense of something irremediably *wrong*. Against this, Hemingway furiously put forth his dream of serenity, of nature as the promised land, for which composition—the painter's word that he picked up as his ideal—suggested the right order of words in their right places. As Ford Madox Ford put it so beautifully in his introduction to *A Farewell To Arms*, "Hemingway's words strike you, each one, as if they were pebbles fetched fresh from a brook. They live and shine, each in its place. So one of his pages has the effect of a brook-bottom into which you look down through the floating water."

Nature as a non-human ideal has always been an American romantic dream. Thoreau said that he found in Emerson "a world where truth existed with the same perfection as the objects he studied in external nature, his ideals real and exact." All the great American landscape painters have always portrayed Mother Nature as too big for the solitary man on the cliff looking down. By contrast, as Malraux wrote in *Man's Fate*, painting to Orientals has been the practice of "charity." Charity is hardly what Hemingway found in the world or for which he went to painting. There is no charity in his writing at all. Serenity on occasion, a rally, a promise of peace. He was a tough sharp realist about other people, for in portraying himself so exhaustively, he portrayed us and the pitiless century into which he was born.

Alfred Kazin

Alfred Kazin's most recent book is *Bright Book of Life: Novelists and Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer* (Atlantic-Little Brown).

Books Considered

Amateurs by Donald Barthelme

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95)

Plus by Joseph McElroy

(Knopf; $8.95)

Like an electrical circuit, the best fiction has impedance. The fiction we need but rarely get resists us as we resist it. Energy exchanges and is conserved; the fictional circuit remains to be used again. Some of Donald Barthelme's fiction—*Snow White*, parts of *City Life* and *Sadness*—has had this resistance. His best stories are short circuits that confute the reader's expectations, make him wonder if he is reading with another person's glasses or is picking up alien signals. Not knowing how to "take" the stories, the reader leaves them in their own prickly space. Joseph McElroy's impedance strategies, in books like *A Smuggler's Bible* and *Lookout Cartridge*, have been fragmentation and formulation, obsessional comprehension and comprehensiveness. They have been almost too successful. Though rightly compared to Gaddis and Pynchon, McElroy has had little exposure. One doesn't see his fiction funning *New Yorker* readers. But McElroy continues his resistance. While Barthelme in *Amateurs* exercises his knack, McElroy in *Plus* pushes abstraction and techniques toward an extremity both opaque and beautiful, beautiful because opaque.

Amateurs is professional Barthelme. All previously published, the 20 stories are skewed views of love, work, education and art, dead-pan disruptions rather than fantastic disturbances of the ordinary. They are all about the same length; their sounds are as similar as static. There are the familiar Barthelmian methods. Incongruity of language and subject: an execution is described like a wedding in "Some of Us Had Been Threatening Our Friend Colby," a mistress like a new pet in "The Captured Woman." Parody: of self-help books in "What to Do Next," introspective heroes like Heller's Bob Slocum in "The Agreement," and office talk ("sublime with the mundanities") in "The Reference" and "The New Member." Non sequitur: a bull ringing like a telephone in "The Wound," a writer throwing chicken livers *flambé* on a character who has taken over his story in "And Then." Whimsy: the university is a trade fair attended by the Fisher King in "The Educational Experience" and prospective students are a herd of porcupines in "Porcupines at the University."

Read together, the stories in *Amateurs* seem pre-cooked, too ready for consumption. They are smart, witty, sometimes malicious, and several have the oblique compassion of Grace Paley, to whom the collection is dedicated. There are two nice little fables of art—"Our Work and Why We Do It," about a print shop, and "The Great Hug," which is about a Balloon Man who creates balloon concepts. It closes with "The Balloon of Perhaps. My best balloon." The most interesting story is a half-parodic apocalypse called "At the End of the Mechanical Age" in which typically incapacitated Barthelmian lovers can't get on despite the imminence of an Ending and God's attending their wedding. But even the best pieces lack the audacity of Barthelme's earlier fictions. In *Amateurs* the reader has little trouble adjusting to the stories' off-center perspectives. Once the juxtaposition or parody or formula is identified, there is little left to the story. As in *Guilty Pleasures*, Barthelme closes down quickly, perhaps recognizing that these

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fictions are predictable and transparent, fragile fancies, ready-to-wears by a designer of past originals.

Barthelme's Balloon Man says "Not every balloon can make you happy. Not every balloon can trigger glee. *But I insist that these balloons have a right to be heard!*" Barthelme's latest balloons are best heard and seen in magazines. Brought together, they lose some of the originality context gives them. They too often seem the products of an assured and almost commercial knack. Because Barthelme's fiction exists primarily as a style and way of apprehending, it must continually invent itself. *Amateurs* is mostly reinvention and thus lacks the energizing resistance of the new. Still, as Snow White says of "Prince" Paul: "We are fortunate to have him," this Donald Barthelme, "in our country."

The *bricolage* of *Amateurs* works at the intersection of banality and high literacy. McElroy's *Plus* takes its design—the extra-terrestrial journey—from popular fiction but makes that design release an original discourse. Though the novel's initial "what if?" is biological—what if a disembodied brain were launched into space?—the language McElroy creates to answer that question presses biology toward epistemology, hardware toward consciousness, and the reader toward some interesting speculation: what if Gertrude Stein had written science fiction? what if Beckett had covered Apollo launches while writing *How It Is*? McElroy's achievement is not his using scientific knowledge but making *Plus* into its own science, something we learn rather than learn about or through. McElroy provides openings and exits for the reader, and once the whole is constructed there is a metaphoric relation to common reality; yet the real beauty of *Plus* lies in its resistance to categories, its insistence on itself as a category.

McElroy constructs his fame from inside as the novel proceeds. An engineer suffering from radiation agrees to have his brain removed and used in an IMP—interplanetary monitoring platform. Orbiting the earth in a rocket, the brain monitors its physiological self as an experiment in the uses of solar energy. When the brain begins to reflect and not just report on itself, it becomes more than an IMP. It is IMP Plus, or: I am plus. At first "There was more all around." Plus is part of this more. Then the more is part of Plus. Then Plus *is* more. The brain grows, unfolds, imagines itself, releases images, memories, judgments, emotions, speculations. It cuts itself off from ground control, but eventually re-establishes communication to understand what its growth means. At that point its orbit begins to decay, and its consciousness diminishes even while it transforms itself: There is no re-entry.

This tale part of *Plus* is familiar: the hero without a face moving through departure, initiation and return. The texture, though, continually resists this reduction because the processes Plus goes through and the knowledge it gains are just distant enough from distinctly human experience to function as new metaphors for that experience. McElroy effects this remove by narrating from inside Plus and by constructing a style that combines Steinian abstraction with scientific precision. Words are either too empty of common meaning or too full of a specialized meaning to offer a direct connection with this world. Plus's formulation of language, the relation of inside and outside, the folding of self-consciousness, the energy of self-preservation, the urge to contact are all performed in McElroy's and Plus's own notation.

Though the reader must ride inside the curve of *Plus*, McElroy does furnish human links. Plus remembers a romantic moment on a beach, evaluates an Acrid Voice and a Good Voice from earth, and deals with a Dim Echo of itself. Though these are initially helpful, when I finished *Plus* the built-in connections with reality seemed the weaknesses of the book. Some of the description of Plus's literal unfolding are nearly impenetrable, yet the physics of Plus's growth and its attendant language are what give the novel its interesting resistance, its beauty and originality. McElroy in *Lookout Cartridge* and Pynchon in *Gravity's Rainbow* incorporate science into a human quest. In *Plus*, the science and the quest are one.

Tom LeClair

Tom LeClair teaches English at the University of Cincinnati.

Journey of the Wolf
by Douglas Day

(Atheneum; $8.95)

The Spanish Civil War still fascinates us, because no war since has seemed to be so completely a moral cause. Thousands of foreigners, fearing the conflict was a forerunner of worse catastrophes, joined in it. Those who sympathized with the Loyalists, the forces fighting to prevent the rebel General Franco from destroying the Republican government, believed that were he not defeated, the next step for Hitler and Mussolini—who supported him with arms and men—would be a large-scale attack on the rest of Europe. Franco won, of course, and World War II followed quickly.

Spain passed the next three decades under his authoritarian rule. Now, as the country struggles toward some more open form of government, we continue to be reminded of the tragedy that the Civil War was, and of the intense individualism and pride which have been the strength, but also the weakness, of Spain.

Douglas Day—who won a National Book Award for his biography of Malcolm Lowry and has now begun one about Garcia Lorca—has captured a sense of the Spanish character and portrayed the tragic circumstances of the war in *Journey of the Wolf*. His novel, however, is not simply historical. By having his hero, an exiled Republican fighter named Sebastian Rosales, nicknamed El Lobo (the wolf), return to his homeland 34 years after he had been forced to cross into France when Franco won, Day is able to paint a picture of contemporary Spain. Illegally returned—he has no papers—El Lobo arduously works his way from the French border town of Cambo south to his childhood *pueblo*, the village Poqueira below Granada, but a short distance from the Mediterranean. As he travels, he reflects dispassionately about the beautiful, often rugged countryside he had traversed during the Civil War, recalls devastating defeats and infrequent victories, and has fleeting contact with people who characterize modern Spain: men who work in West Germany where they can earn more money, and whose values and patterns of life disturb the proud, reserved Rosales; a blond American tourist who treats him generously but whose ebullience, enthusiasms about the Civil

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War, and wealth puzzle the older man; and decadent young Spaniards who mock him; as well as poor people in the towns and in the hills who are nearer to the traditional Spaniard he had expected to find.

Shifting back and forth between present and past, the narrative is consistently lively, although it seems to be focusing entirely on Rosales, who—except when the American tourist draws him out to speak about his experiences—simply reflects to himself what he sees and remembers. But while appearing to concentrate on Rosales—an effect achieved partly because of a flat, clipped style that conveys the Spaniard's speech and thought patterns—Day shows us the Spanish land and its people.

El Lobo is an anachronism. His fierce pride and cold-blooded courage are admirable, but he has never been capable of adapting to change. He does not think his war experiences glorious; yet the years 1936-1939 formed him as a man. For all the misery, pain and death that he saw, those years had meaning as none since have had. He even fought well for the French *Maquis* during World War II; still he regards himself "as an alien in a bad country." He is an Andalusian, he declares to the people with whom he argues, and he hates France, "this woman's country of people who speak and act like *maricones*, like faggots." His wife has no sympathy for him. "Go back to your filthy *pueblo* and be an old man with the other old men," she tells him. "You embarass us here. Go back and sit with the other senile ones at the cafe and smell like wine all day and like piss all night. You Spaniard."

His wife is not entirely wrong to be scornful. To us Rosales is admirable because Day narrates the tale from the Spaniard's point of view. But when other characters enter the narrative, we realize that Rosales does not appear a noble figure, rather a dirty, unshaven and uncomprehending old man smelling of goats and cow dung. Even to the romantic American tourist who admires Rosales, he appears naive. His admirable side is his bluntness. When the American asks him if he does not find the stark country of Aragon "dramatic beyond words," Rosales answers immediately, "Aragon to me is a frozen cow turd. I leave it to the Aragonese." But as the two drive south in the American's car toward Castellon on the Mediterranean coast, Rosales is overwhelmed by the noise and smells of the traffic along the road. "What in the name of God is all this?" he asks his companion. "*Urbanización*," the other responds and proceeds to tell Rosales that, with all respect, he is naive. "Spain," he explains in a statement too didactic for the novel, "is the great European resort, now. *Turismo* is the big industry . . . . There's only one hitch to all of this *urbanización*: It's being done with foreign money, and the people who are growing rich off your country are not Spaniards—except for certain government ministers and industrialists."

Rosales does not comprehend all that the American tells him. He dreams of reaching Poqueira, where he is sure life and values will not have changed. Further along on his odyssey, he kills a gypsy who insults him. "I am still El Lobo: No man shames me," he tells himself as he leaves the dead man. When he gets to Poqueira, however, he finds even that has been altered: the village has electricity; above a brand new hotel fly the flags of several European nations; and in a cafe he observes foreigners—some of them women—drinking noisily. His sister is momentarily joyous to see him, but when he reveals that he has killed a man because "it was only normal and proper to take my revenge," she becomes frightened and angry. "This is 1973, Sebastian," she tells him. "No one kills in Spain now, not even for honor."

So he must flee his own *pueblo*, since the *Guardias Civiles* are searching for him. He climbs to an ancient fortress beyond Rubion, close by Poqueira, there to await the coming of the *Guardia*. Rosales is satisfied, however, because, confused by change and out of step with the new, he imagines himself at last in control of his destiny, even though that be violent death. As the *Guardia* approach him, he looks out beyond them across the valley below and knows that he is home. When the officer of the *Guardia* asks him if he surrenders, he stands, insults the man, and hurls his only weapon, a bayonet from the Civil War, at the officer, who dodges it and orders his men to fire at Rosales. They do, and in the instant he dies, he is content.

What Day has written is a paean to the *esprit* he fears modernity is destroying. The feat of returning to his *pueblo* is itself Rosales's triumph. But having outlived his era, he cannot survive, and like the antiquated weapon he hurls against Franco's *Guardias Civiles*, he must disappear, a symbolic finale to the qualities that made Republican Spain admirable to the thousands who fought for it in the thirties. Day's theme deserves repeating: urbanization, civilization—Americanization—are questionable goals. What Sebastian epitomized is worth retaining, although how to do so is difficult to know.

> *They are the good ones who live,*
> *work, walk, and dream,*
> *and on one day just like all the others*
> *they lie down under the earth.*

Thus Day quotes the Spanish poet Antonio Machado as an epitaph for Rosales. He is clearly such a good one, but the problem is, what will become of that earth, when its values and its very face are so altered as to have no place for a proud, lone wolf?

Townsend Luddington

Townsend Luddington is professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Possession by Nicholas Delbanco

(Morrow; $8.95)

Toward the end of Nicholas Delbanco's new novel, *Possession*, one of its characters, a schoolboy, tells his father about the frontier thesis: "'Frederick Jackson Turner says you have to keep on going if there's a wilderness in front of you. . . . That's what makes America. That's why we're so busy moving all the time.'"

Frederick Jackson Turner died in 1932, and the novel takes place in southern Vermont, in 1976. There is no wilderness left, even westward. If the characters are still moving, their motion is pretty aimless, like that of the schoolboy, long since grown up, who drifts into the confines of the novel's pages only in other people's memories of him. There is no apparent reason to "keep on going."

But there is not much reason to stay at home, either. The wilderness is gone; but so are the farms and forests and the rural landscape which replaced it, and which have themselves been replaced by unploughed fields, second-growth scrub, paved highways and supermarket parking lots. The great object at the

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novel's center is the Big House, built by "Peacock" Sherbrooke in the 1860s as a paradise on earth—something to come home to from California. It is a monumental temple to the grand, eclectic, American past. Peacock's instructions for building it, which are constantly quoted, refer certainly as much to the building of America as they do to the building of the house. They are grandiloquent, exact, full of derivative ideas and godly sententiousness, a heady compounding of shrewd Christianity and fervent commercialism. The architectural triumph they succeed in erecting by 1869 has become, a hundred years later, an oddity, very hard to heat.

Possession covers one spring day in the lives of three surviving Sherbrookes, and through their three points of view we are told of opinions and fantasies, and taken into a past which reaches not only into their own lives, but back in time into the records of the Sherbrooke family. The device, somehow, is epic, like Aeneas telling Dido all about the fall of Troy at a dinner party: a tidy way to contain history and give it a personal perspective; and a convenient way to enlarge characters and give them a historical one. The novel itself, I think, has a sort of epic intention—not only because it places a small and unheroic present against the larger backdrop of history, but because the fantasies of the characters turn so often toward classical and biblical references, and toward images of legendary and fabulous events: the Green Mountain Boys, for instance, and the transmutation, by drowning, of a young man into a sea-monster. And then, the two protagonists, Judah and Maggie Sherbrooke, are presented as larger than life, and described in terms of totem and of myth.

They are married, and they are antithetical, perhaps so systematically and exactly antithetical that it is easier to accept their conflict as a formal necessity than as a human possibility. Judah is bound by home, and refuses to leave Vermont even for some winter sun. Maggie, who likes to wander, has left the Big House seven years before, and returns to it only when she is tricked into thinking Judah is dying and wants to settle his estate. Judah is Hebraic. He prays and blasphemes, and accuses his wife of "having sinned in thought." She, in turn, accuses him of being "biblical." Maggie, who is also called Megan and Margaret, and, on one occasion, Morgan, is seen by Judah as a pagan divinity, the goddess of the crossroads, a witch in possession of his soul. He is from the mountains, and craves the permanence mountains suggest. She is described as a water nymph, at home in water and in the flux and insecurity inherent in water. He "thinks himself a hunter" and she is appalled by the destruction to life implicit in a fur coat.

Their conflict, then, is no simple marital squabble, but the fusion and fission of disparate elements. They are a generation apart, and to some extent their discord is that between generations. But they are also at opposite ends of the American dream. Maggie, urban, liberal and adventurous, is the latest exponent of the urge to conquer the wilderness; while Judah, orderly, obssessed with systems, conservative, is the champion of those who preserve and cultivate what has already been conquered. Neither function is viable, any longer, in the world they live in.

The Possession of the title refers of course to the estate built by Peacock Sherbrooke, and about to be passed on by his great-grandson to its next owner. But it refers as well to the confused inner lives of the two main characters; to Judah, who feels his soul possessed by a woman he owns no part of, and to Maggie, who feels she is totally owned by a man over whom she has no influence. Their mistake about each other's feelings is the eternal misunderstanding between sexes, I suppose, but here it carries a philosophical as well as a sexual burden. Each feels himself threatened and reduced by the power of the other; each fails to recognize his own. Judah is frightened of being seduced by his wife's beauty and freedom, and she is frightened of being imprisoned by her husband's self-assurance and stubborn adherence to old modes. Between them they have driven their one surviving son into exile, and by implication, they have lost control of the future; and, perhaps, even of the past, which may no longer be possible to pass on to a new generation.

If this sounds too systematic and pat, the fault might lie either with my own difficulties in doing justice to Delbanco's magnificently complex book, or to his often uncertain compromise between an ambitious concept and the economies of fiction. His writing reminds me very much of Faulkner's, and, like Faulkner, he suggests quite marvelously the circular inconsistencies of history, and the changing perspectives on change. Of a spruce tree Judah plants at his son's birth, Delbanco writes that it was first

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taller than the child, "then smaller since it grew less quickly, then taller since it continued to grow." His almost mathematical ironies are often illuminating, his sense of things getting smaller, and larger, and then smaller again, and coming round, not quite to their own beginnings. Historical events seem to happen just outside the novel, just beyond the characters' involvement. Judah never quite gets to fight in a war; his father only almost took passage in the *Titanic*. Like *Hamlet* happening just off-stage in *Rosencrantz and Gqildenstern Are Dead*, great doings in *Possession* occur in the wings, or before the novel opens, or only in the world of fantasy and dream. Judah fails when he tries to light his own funeral pyre. Yet even that negative impression of great events that never take place give the characters of the novel a scale against which their failings can look large.

But if Delbanco's story twists an epic vein, so does his style. He writes with the desperation of a man democratically committed to ordinary people, who labors to raise them to a greater stature, and replace all the gods and kings and counts taboo to him by sheer flamboyance and run-on sentences. To some extent this is understandable, and even admirable: it does give his characters a certain ungrammatical grandeur, and it makes possible an intricate game of verbal patterns in which echo is more important than syntax. But Delbanco is dedicated to contractions like "day-waking" and "breast-dust", and to the absolute expulsion of the word "of" from the English language. The third-person interior monologue gives a man a lot of rope to catch his toe on, and Delbanco trips frequently. Peacock Sherbrooke's letters read more like Cotton Mather than like 19th century prose, even ornate 19th century prose; the plot sometimes gets buried; and the three narrative voices tend to blend into the single eccentricity of Delbanco's own. The two women, Maggie, and Judah's spinster sister, Hattie, never emerge from these stylistic problems, or from the author's need to use them as props rather than explore them as people.

But Judah is a fascinating creation. And so, despite its irritating aspects, which are flaws on a very large and deeply serious design, is Delbanco's book.

Edith Milton

Edith Milton's most recent book is *Corridors* (Delacorte).

Home Free by Dan Wakefield

(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence; $7.95)

Dan Wakefield's new novel begins at the Urbana campus of the University of Illinois—a place Wakefield readers will recall as the author's epitome of boredom. The hero, Gene, is taking a dull but easy history course, and the only reason he's in Urbana and in History 103 is because he has to be, finishing up a tedious and lackluster BA on a promise to his father. But for Gene it is a magic year, the fall of 1968, and before the first day is over, he's swept himself into the life of his sexy young instructor, Louise. By spring they've shot off to Boston (Wakefield's idea of paradise) and spend the season of '69-'70 helping the '60s turn into the '70s. Now everything seems magic: their lovemaking and partying is done to the Beatles' best music, there are dozens of great friends around to form a community of hearts and sentiment, the dope is dynamite, and a host of social and political causes give their solipsistic revold a vague legitimacy. For this generation, the world spins faster because it spins around them, until the centrifugal force spins Gene off and out. That's where the best parts of *Home Free* begin.

Cut loose from his fantasy life in Boston, Gene wobbles up the New England coast to Maine, where he finds other surrogate families. But they too fall apart, leaving the hero nothing to do but wander across the US in that typical search for "something" which has become the Great American Experience. This might be a hackneyed theme, except for Wakefield's ability to live at its heart and draw some truth from it. *Home Free* is about the end of the 1960s—a time which had promised hope, excitement and even dignity to otherwise bland people such as Gene. But Wakefield shows it all coming to an end with the decadence appropriate to the close of an era, answering the important questions about "before" and "after" as well as probing the times themselves.

Wakefield has been grappling with such answers for a long time. Before writing his novels *Going All the Way* (1970) and *Starting Over* (1973), he spent the solid decade of the 1960s as a New Journalist, the style of commentator who uses the techniques of fiction (characterization, strategic plotting, development by dialogue, symbolism) to realize his subject matter in a way more imaginatively effective than objective reporting. The New Journalist is also a creative writer of sorts, placing himself at the center of the experience to describe things as he lives the events. What happened to Wakefield in the '60s reads like a sociological history of that decade: learning about slum life in Spanish Harlem (*Island in the City*), street life among junkies and pushers (*The Addict*), the building of virtually new cities within the perimeters of Atlanta, New Orleans and Houston (*Revolt in the South*), and the intricacies and oddities of such period phenomena as the Volkswagen, New Politics, law and order, marijuana and J.D. Salinger (*Between the Lines*). The novels themselves are set within such fairly common experiences as growing up among '50s culture and coming apart in the days of Vietnam and valium. Even Wakefield's distractions are close to the country's popular imagination; last year he published *All Her Children*, a casual study of the soap operas watched daily by 40 million Americans, one of whom is Dan Wakefield. Soaps hold the largest single audience there has ever been for any type of story, and it's Wakefield's genius that he is habitually drawn to such representative and telling subjects.

But the principal background for Wakefield's new novel is the book he wrote in 1968, *Supernation at Peace and War*. For nearly five months the author traced what would prove to be his character Gene's path in *Home Free*, from Boston up to Ray Mungo's Vermont commune, then out through the Middle West to Southern California, where both searches end. What Wakefield found in 1968 is repeated in the pages of his new novel: that for the average American the realities of a war 10,000 miles across the ocean, massive dissent to it at home, a social revolt taking place in the ghettoes of their cities, and dozens of other cultural transformations were simply too huge and complex to digest. "You know what really concerns me most at this moment?" an Indiana housewife tells Wakefield: "Whether to get my son a finished desk or an

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unfinished desk for his study." Dan Wakefield's brilliance as a social commentator comes from his ability to sense what people are really thinking and feeling, beyond the larger issues which crowd the newspapers and TV news. Hence the Vietnam years of America will be remembered—thanks to Wakefield—as the time when a new football leagueigrew and merged with the old one, rock music acqured a country flavor, blacks appeared in commercials, and the nation rediscovered romance. The sad part, of course, is that so many minds never broke through to the facts of '60s life. The characters of *Home Free* barely do this, and in the end opt out for mental anaesthetics of one sort or another. But that's the state of the country as Wakefield sees it, as he's seen it since his first book in 1959:

> *There is a moment in the life of New York City, repeated many times each day, in which the awful separation of our lives is suddenly crystallized. The track of the New York Central Railroad rises from underground at 96th and Park and onto a high, narrow bridge that runs to the north through an area of tenements and housing projects. Sometimes the passengers glance out the window, and sometimes they catch a fleeting glimpse of a face that stares from a tenement window beside them. Perhaps for an instant the faces meet; neither one knows what it sees. The passenger does not know that this is Spanish Harlem, the oldest of New York City's large Puerto Rican neighborhoods. The Puerto Rican staring at the train does not know where it is going, or that it is likely to carry commuters; indeed, does not know what a commuter is. The train rumbles on and the faces are left with their own reflections—the passenger with his in the window of the train, the Puerto Rican with his in the window of the tenement across the track. In our mutual blindness we have seen only ourselves.*

Home Free is more than the story of Gene, Lou and their host of friends. It's about the whole progression of our cultural imagination during the 1960s. But Wakefield shows how one is an index to the other, and even the pop music of those years does a good job of choreographing the momentary ups and more predominant downs of these characters' lives. The mild kinkiness of their first, self-congratulatory revolt is done to the tune of "Harper Valley PTA." In the bright spring of '69 the theme is "Here Comes the Sun." But half a year later Wakefield reminds us the song has come from the Beatles' last real album, and the dreary fall of that year yields to "Helplessly Hoping." The Beatles' exuberance has become the plaintive whine of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—something which only the toughness of Linda Ronstadt can wash away. "Time Washes Clean," she sings, though the truth of Gene's life is spoken in the words of Carole King: "Doesn't anybody stay in one place anymore?" Harry Nilsson and Harry Chapin give Gene the music to travel cross-country, but the despondency of their lyrics shape his world. By the decade's close a whole mystique has been built to hold Gene's sense of alienation, depression, and utter passivity to anything that happens:

> *He'd walked into it like walking up the aisle of a movie and melting into the screen and becoming a part of the picture, the story, finding out what happened as you went along, knowing from the beginning how it would end but not when. Then he'd be standing on the stage feeling silly and strange with the screen dark and the houselights on. Bright. He'd be blinking, trying to find his way out. In the meantime this was life.*

Like an earlier generation of rebels without a cause—the characters played so well by James Dean and Sal Mineo—Gene chased his fantasy off the very edge of the country. *Home Free* ends thousands of miles away from any home he's ever had, as in a heroin nod he stares out across the vacant Pacific. Wakefield's judgment seems to be that these people's lives were empty to begin with, that a momentary lyrical kick gave them the motivation to zip through the country like a crazy pin-ball game, to end in a state of entropy. The idyllic resort they've created is the last resort. Few novelists are so well equipped to portray the emptiness these years amounted to, for Gene and for a lot more people than we'd care to admit.

Jerome Klinkowitz

Jerome Klinkowitz is professor of English at the University of Northern Iowa.

Coming

A Hollywood Issue

Brief Reviews

The Situation of Poetry by Robert Pinsky

(Princeton; $11.50)

Robert Pinsky is at his best in the close analysis of a poem; less impressive are his general theories, such as the persistence of the 19th century Romantic dichotomy (conscious *vs.* unconscious, abstract *vs.* experience) in contemporary poetry. His dense but companionable prose is clearest in discussions of the adaptation of the *persona* in the poetry of Lowell, Ransom and Berryman, and brilliant in his critiques of failed poems. Pinsky charges the failed poems with insincerity of a sophisticated and invidious kind—the complacent, glib use of a style or technique without a concurrent awareness of the poetic dilemma which engendered that technique. This criterion is attractive in an ethical sense; its application to contemporary poetry—poetry peculiarly susceptible to a variety of rhetoric—yields exceptionally acute insights.

The Yemenite Girl by Curt Leviant

(Bobbs-Merrill; $8.95)

This novel follows a lesser writer's reverent pursuit of his mentor, the aging Nobel Prize winner Bar-Nun, clearly modeled after the modern Hebrew writer S.Y. Agnon. The characters are wonderfully drawn—the elusive, subtly penetrating Bar-Nun; the younger writer Shultish, whose desire for fame extends to an oddly unincriminating hypocrisy and whose insecurity falters at self-knowledge. And there is the occasional but perfect capture of the Hebrew expression: "'Why so sad, Shultish, *yedidi*? Where have you been? Is something wrong? How is your wife?' Shultish stopped and looked Gutman in the eye. 'With you the four questions are one. With me—four. I'll follow the precept in the Ethics of the Fathers and answer the first first and the last last. I'm sad because I lost something. I've been nowhere. Something is wrong. My wife is presumably fine.'"

The simple Bar-Nun story runs like a chant through the novel. But it is too

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simple, not truly radiant, and its inexplicit conclusion like that of the novel itself is too vague to be profound. Leviant does not risk enough. That failure is woven into the successes of the novel, into its small and delicate perceptions and its unobtrusive beauty.

"The Survivor" and Other Poems by Tadeusz Różewicz

(Princeton; $12.50, $3.95 paper)

Różewicz's poetry is recognized in his native Poland, but this slim selection of his poems (a good one, managing to give substance to the poet's ideas, his dislikes, motifs and images) will be a first meeting for most. The translation is fine, though an occasional over-dramatization mars the earlier poems which tread a very subtle line between the effective and the melodramatic. Różewicz does better when he is not writing overt social criticism or trying to be philosophical, when he leans too heavily on his references, his Shakespeare or T.S. Eliot, and his poems return self-consciously to their beginnings to create an ending which is unnatural, pat. His philosophy lies in the smaller subjects—the artist-turned toymaker ("Méliès") or in the poem "Homework Assignment on the Subject of Angels": "they are like stars/they shine in shameful places." He likewise succeeds less in his didactic proofs of modern indifference than in the words he heaps together—so carefully that the effect is actually terse, never lush. The colloquial rubs shoulders with the elegant, the movie-montage and bare newspaper reporting mix with the capricious and romantic, the conversational rhythms catch themselves against almost biblical repetitions.

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Méliès

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the manager of the "Robert Houdin"
theater

Was born in the year 1861
died in the year 1938

shot 400 films
shorts
among others
in 1898
the Battleship Maine
then
the Dreyfus trial
Joan of Arc
Faust
Ages of civilization

he was forgotten

the rest of his life
he spent in a small
toy store

he was remembered

what interests me is
that long period between
his last film and his death
the period spent
in the toy store
his conversations
with children
how he would demonstrate
toys old and new
pull the puppets
by the strings
wind up cars and trains
give orders to tin soldiers

I'm sorry I couldn't
in the year 1938
interview Méliès

Do you go to the movies

From *The Survivor and Other Poems* by Tadeusz Różewicz, trans. by Magnus Krynski and Robert Maguire (Princeton; 1976). Reprinted by permission of Princeton University Press.

Spinoza's Stone by Julian Palley

(J.N.R. Publishing; $6.50)

Julian Palley's book is worth owning for the title poem and for the translations of two Jorgè Luis Borges poems; the translated poems have a simple profundity which is lacking in the nervous convolutions of much of Palley's original work.

Here's to Your Health, Comrade Shifrin by Ilya Suslov

(Indiana University Press; $8.95)

Suslov gives us the ordinary man, the banal world of buses and potato farms, the obstacles in an unheroic career through high school, the military, college and the assurance that (somehow) everything will be all right in the end. As in the best comedies, this assurance is absolutely necessary, because our hero Comrade Shifrin is always perilously close to destruction: appendicitis, rejection from the universities, expulsion from work, imprisonment for anti-Soviet speech, at least half the time through his own disarmingly naive audacity. He avoids these calamities like a sleepwalker on a tightrope—the faith he inspires makes the danger at once less frightening and more real. Suddenly one realizes that people actually do live in the Soviet Union; we too avoid our bureaucratic nonsense, dodge our own nightmares.

How to Save Your Own Life by Erica Jong

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $8.95)

It's hell to be famous. It really is: "to enter a room which very few are allowed to enter and which everyone on the outside believes to be incredibly beautiful, opulent, and magical. Once inside you discover it is a hall of mirrors . . ." Poor Isadora Wing, suffering all the after-effects of writing the great feminist novel—just like her author—and having, on top of everything, a bad marriage. We'd feel for you—we'd honestly try—but then you have the nerve to go on to find

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complete happiness in the next 200 pages, and where does that leave us?

For all its extravagance of expression, *How to Save Your Own Life* is a remarkably cold novel, cold with badly veiled self-satisfaction and complacency. More accurately, the complacency is exactly what is behind the self-indulgence of these outpourings. It may not be fair to reject a book because one doesn't like the protagonist—but I can't stand Isadora; I'm bored by her suffering, her orgies, her "cunt", her incessant self-righteousness. Feminists will find it hard to be more outraged than bored by an ending which endorses the Power of the Male: "he would not fuck her. She would beg and plead for it and he would not . . . He had the cock."

"I *am* you," people constantly tell Isadora—waitresses, publishers, friends. A book which professes to be so real, so uncompromising, cannot place this sort of self-congratulatory fulfillment between the reader and the heroine and still have power.

Roberta Tovey

Robin Winks on Mysteries

More Tales of the Black Widowers, by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday; $5.95)
The American Rivals of Sherlock Holmes, ed. by Hugh Greene (Pantheon; $8.95)
Mortal Stakes, by Robert B. Parker (Berkeley; $1.50 paper)
Yellow-Dog Contract, by Ross Thomas (Morrow; $8.95)
No Questions Asked, by Oliver Bleeck (Morrow; $6.95)
Time to Murder and Create, by Lawrence Block (Dell; $1.25)
Sleeping Murder, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead; $7.95)
Yesterday's Enemy, by William Haggard (Walker; $6.95)
Enough!, by Donald Westlake (Evans; $7.95)
The Killing Jar, by E.M. Beekman (Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)

(All books released except for *Enough!*, on which tentative publication date is March 14.)

I was interviewing Isaac Asimov in the ladies' room at Mohonk Mountain House, while he was scribbling a mildly obscene limerick into a copy of one of his books. The fact that I was holding a small green gun on him wasn't why he was struggling for his last line, for the gun was of plastic. A sign on the door outside said, "I am in here justifying my existence," and I had let us in to the ladies' room because we weren't supposed to be found for 20 minutes, and anyway I wanted to prove that I knew how to loid a door with my credit card (auto club, actually). This was all because we were involved, along with nearly 300 other similarly inclined souls, in a kind of grown-up summer camp, except that it was The Dead of Winter, and Asimov was billed as an "author & delightfully mad scientist" on the program while I wasn't going to be billed by anyone until I tried to check out. The "delightfully mad scientist" was signing a copy of his *Tales of the Black Widowers*, and I had not told him yet that the tales struck me as rather academic.

The point of all this, other than to keep the writer kidnapped in the unused fifth floor john, was that Asimov had just declared that no one really wrote mystery stories like they used to. I was inclined to wish he were right, for part of the homework for the four-day pursuit of red herrings had included reading, or rereading in my case, John Dickson Carr's *The Three Coffins*, the contents of which I had fortunately forgotten until I had finished it. Since I thought it quite the worst book I had ever read—in writing, in plotting, in characterization, by now I felt even in the quality of paper it was printed on—I had hoped that no one could be writing such a gallimaufry today. But I told him he was wrong.

One of life's disappointments for all of us is that moment when we discover that there are no more Raymond Chandlers, or early Graham Greenes and Eric Amblers, no more John Buchans, no more Nancy Drews or Beatrix Potters or chocolates in the box. We make do with substitutes after a time; if there are no more Lady Godivas there is always Russell Stover. People do write mystery stories just about as they used to, except that we become a little more demanding each new author we discover. So merely being as good as Chandler, or Doyle, or the mid-period Christie isn't enough, they have to be better. And of course they aren't.

Isaac Asimov is a case in point. Best known for science fiction, he also writes mystery stories, and he has developed a series of *Tales of the Black Widowers* which have elements of several admired writers in them. Now with *More Tales* he has doubled his output without noticeably doubling his range. He sees them as rather like Father Brown stories, and they are in a way, happily unmarred by the anti-Semitism and muted racism one sometimes encounters in G.K. Chesterton, and cleverly turning upon a single phrase or a closely observed moment. Those of us who move our lips when we read invariably solve the Black Widowers tales, for the solution usually arises from knowing the difference between saying "the cash *or* the bonds" and "the cash *and* the bonds" (italics supplied) but this doesn't diminish the momentary sense of fun in seeing through a writer just when he feels he is being most clever. There is quite a bit of wit, although no humor, in these tales, and they do take us back pleasantly to Jacques Futrelle and the Thinking Machine.

Hugh Greene (Sir Hugh, actually) also does precisely that in his collection, *The American Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*, for he includes a Futrelle story. This is Sir Hugh's fourth anthology, and he is on to a good thing even though it appears nearly exhausted by now. The first such collection, *The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*, gave us the cream, showing us other writers contemporary to Doyle who were equally influenced by the romanticized science of the time if not equally stylish in the appliction of it. Then came *More Rivals*, which in America was called *Cosmopolitan Crimes*, drawing on the Continental writers; and *Further Rivals*. Now in the *American* volume Greene proves Howard Haycraft right when, in *Murder for Pleasure*, he said that pre-World War I American detective fiction could not compare in quantity or quality with British fiction. Sir Hugh suggests his purpose is rather the reverse, for while he agrees about the quantity he argues in a short Introduction to the *American Rivals* that each of the authors he has chosen wrote one or two stories that would stand comparison with their English contemporaries. If so one wonders why he hasn't chosen those stories, for the ones here are consistently dreadful. There is a story by Rodriquez Ottolengui, a dentist whose principal book is on the drilling of teeth, that could be no worse however one

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might try. People who enjoy reading Samuel Hopkins Adams might find this book of interest, and its presence serves to remind us that no one *need* write as of old, we need only disinter the forgotten. We will find them all suicides, I fear, not murdered by time.

Why, one wonders, do people still say that there is no one to replace Chandler? This can only be a judgment on Ross Macdonald, since everyone knows that he seeks to do so. But then Chandler was a judgment on Hammett, and however tedious Lillian Hellman has become to some, she can't take Hammett away from us any more than poor imitations of Chandler can do him any harm. In any event, the best of Macdonald is rather good, and in Ross Thomas, Robert B. Parker, and—rather well back in the pack—Lawrence Block there are writers bidding fair to assume the title.

Robert Parker is perhaps the best of them, and I have commented on him here before. His third book, *Mortal Stakes*, has just appeared in paper, while his fourth, *Promised Land*, still only in cloth, shows him gaining mastery over his material all of the time. The dialogue is good, without that cutesy-tough overtone one finds in so many imitators of Chandler, and while Spenser remains a bit self-romanticized, he is no more so than Marlowe and Archer. Anyone who complains about the lack of Chandlers ought to try these two Parker books. *Mortal Stakes* is, a little bit, about baseball, and even a little bit would be enough to put me off were it no so intriguing in other ways, and *Promised Land* is about Women's Lib and sexuality and all kinds of things. It makes one to think.

Ross Thomas is also very good, very convincing, whether he writes as Thomas or as Oliver Bleeck. There is a new book under each name out, and were it not for a totally unnecessary and offkey scene of really unpleasant vulgarity—a creeping tendency in Thomas—the *Yellow-Dog Contract* would be much the better of the two. (A similar scene appears in *The Money Harvest*, one book back, and one does wonder what Thomas thinks he is up to.) Even so, this is a fast-moving read, funny, literate, and recognizably the Washington we have come to know (and to expect). It deals with the disappearance of an important union leader, and a conspiracy that reaches out even into an Oddfellows Hall, and while Ross Thomas's last five books have not been nearly as good as his first five (try *The Seersucker Whipsaw*, set in Africa, or *The Singapore Wink*), they're still like potato chips.

Until recently Bleeck hasn't been as good as Thomas, just as Jeremy York, Michael Halliday and Gordon Ashe are not nearly as good as J.J. Marric, even though they are all John Creasey. But now Philip St. Ives, the professional go-between of the Bleeck novels, has made it to Hollywood in the person of Charles Bronson, and so Bleeck must be taking over, for as the Thomas books slide down the Bleeck books slide past. *No Questions Asked* is billed as a "novel of suspense," which is right, for the mystery is pretty transparent, but the plot—about the theft of a copy of Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*, and its ransoming for a quarter of a million dollars—is the best of St. Ives's five cases so far. If St. Ives knows a Gutenberg Bible when he hears of it, he doesn't know his Pliny, which is refreshing after all the private eyes and spies who not only know how to bruise a Martini but have apparently read all of Mortimer Adler's Great Books course.

As for Lawrence Block, he has a way to go yet; still, in his Matt Scudder he is going in the right direction. Scudder worries about the people he kills, and like Spenser he has quit the police force to go the private path. Scudder is separated from his wife and children and he tithes to any church that happens to be handy, and while Spenser can recognize a passing phrase from Blake, Frost or Chandler at the drop of a pretension, Scudder has to go to the library to find "The moving finger writes, and having writ/Moves on." Even so, he is a learner, and in *Time to Murder and Create* he learns all about Thomas à Becket. This book underscores more than most the physical problem the writer faces when encapsulating a tale between the pages: at page 122 Scudder has solved the crime, and in "real life" the case would end there, not only because he is certain of what he has learned but because it has been given the finality of death. The trouble is, we hold in our hand a book of 192 pages, and we know something has to fill them, so we know when he doesn't that he has jumped to the wrong conclusion. The writer who can discover a way to turn the literal length of the book around so that it adds to rather than detracts from the mystification will have walked on water (no, Christie's trick of implicating and later clearing suspects only to have them finally proven guilty in the end, isn't the answer to the problem, once it's been done).

Of course, Dame Agatha is entitled to repeat herself, since she has invented so many of the gambits of the *genre*. Miss Marple's last case, *Sleeping Murder*, appears to have been written in 1943 or '44. It is not as good as most of her work of this period but better than the last several books, and if it doesn't return us to *A Murder is Announced* it is certainly superior to *Nemesis*, two of Miss Marple's cases. As everyone knows, Miss Marple is a Nosy Parker, and here she brings herself to the seaside village of Dillmouth to solve what may have been a murder committed 18 years before. Tommy and Tuppence are back in the persons of Gwenda and Giles Reed, a young couple from New Zealand who take up residence in a house to which Gwenda is mysteriously drawn. She soon discovers that she lived there as a child and probably was witness to the aftermath of a murder. If one can suspend disbelief over the rather hokey psychology involved, the craftsmanship of clue-laying is as good and as fair as ever. There are hints of *The Moving Finger* and *Roger Ackroyd* here, and it will be only those readers who are new to Miss Christie's manuevers who do not solve the crime the moment the appropriate clue is laid in place. Even so, one can enjoy the ticking of a well-crafted clock while knowing just where it is going to be a few ticks hence. We will not see her likes again.

Happily we continue to see William Haggard's Colonel Russell. There are 20 of these books now (although the publishers list only 19), plus *Yesterday's Enemy*, and with this new entry Haggard (or Richard Clayton, retired, of the Foreign Office) returns to the quiet qualities of his earlier books. Haggard is consistently good at nuance, at dialogue, at scene; he is wildly inconsistent at plotting, and too many of his recent books have simply been ridiculous. Anyone who read those early books—*Slow Burner*, *The Telemann Touch*, *Venetian Blind*, all still

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available in paper—longed for Haggard to return to reality. He hasn't quite done so here, for the plot involves a South American dictator of great suavity, a professional terrorist who hopes to convince the Russians that the Germans are going to employ a secret nuclear weapon, and a charming if promiscuous lady spy. It oughn't work but it does and this is because Haggard knows how to write.

Donald Westlake knows how to write too. The trouble is, he has long since abandoned his early style (except in a near parody form as Richard Stark) which by now might well have supplanted Chandler for many, and he has made the "madcap caper" virtually his own. To read him is to feel one is back at Mohonk Mountain House with all those people who have gathered together at Murder Ink's invitation; too funny by half. Perhaps Westlake has sold too many of his stories to Hollywood by now, and if the success of *Bank Shot* and *The Hot Rock* didn't spoil Rock Hunter they have at least spoiled Carey Thorpe. Thorpe is a movie critic who weaves in references to every obvious movie in the Steinbrunner-Penzler encyclopedia. He is a murderer who finds himself playing the roles associated with detective fiction, from Least Obvious Suspect to Amateur Detective to the Innocent Accused. Everything is spelled out in capitals, like here, in *Enough!* It certainly is.

There is more than one way to be pretentious, however, and if being self-consciously hilarious is one being self-consciously literary is another. E.M. Beekman's *The Killing Jar* is an intriguing book and one not to be abandoned until finished; this is not the same thing as saying that one could not put it down. More of a novel than either mystery or spy story, *The Killing Jar* tells of Toivo Sysstalvi, an American novelist of Finnish background, who is sent overseas to lecture for the United States Information Service and who encounters mysterious doings in the night, including attempts to kill him. His father, Kall, who fought against the enemy in Finland during World War II, is the key to what is happening to him, and Toivo reconstructs in his mind—while doing very little that is actively intelligent on his own behalf—early snowbound scenes in which his father killed Russian ski patrols. To Toivo, it is as unclear in the present who the real enemy is as it must be to those who look back on Finland's peculiar position in the war. Finally the book blows itself away in its own fustian, but until then it contains enough compelling paragraphs to keep one happily entertained.

Beekman is a professor of literature at the University of Massachusetts. Parker is a professor of English at Northeastern University. Trevanian (but not Jonathan Hemlock)—of whom more later—is, or was, at the University of Texas. There is a hint of the academic about much of this. One sees a writer—Gregory Macdonald, perhaps, in his character Fletch, in two recent paperbacks—fleshing out his attack on Mount Chandler while another calls in the sappers and miners for an assault on Redoubt Doyle. I thought of all of this (of course) while I talked with Professor Asimov in the ladies room, waiting for him to be rescued, or not, so that I could get back amongst my co-conspirators and enjoy the rest of Mohonk Mountain House and the fun and games arranged by Dilys Winn and Carol Brener of Murder Ink. (That's a book store in New York City, not an agency that lets out contracts.) Earlier in the day one family of ten, of which my wife and I were a part for the occasion, had presented the best solution to the Mystery of Miss Marples Marbles. Now as I escorted Asimov from the john, all attempts at rescue having failed, I reflected on the *genre*. We're all just children at heart I guess.

TRB, *from page two*

Yet there are reservations still. After the telephone performance Mr. Carter said, "I like it. The questions that came in from the people all over the country are the kind that you would never get in press conferences. The news people would never raise them, like the Ottawa Indian question." This is certainly true, as the White House press conference with reporters last Wednesday promptly demonstrated. Dialing a President about a denial of veterans' benefits, if you are one of the lucky 42 who get through as nine million try, is a public relations smash. It helps in the business of government, too, to the degree that the President's demeanor inspires confidence. But it is all medium and no message. It is not the tough professional give-and-take over major issues that arises at a press conference.

It is, rather, the kindly response of a father to his children. This is so even when the questions are evidently critically inspired. They deepen the

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presidential personality cult. There is a hunger to trust the President, to believe in the office, to suspend judgment, to reverence the shrine. It is a little unfair to raise these matters when Jimmy Carter is so evidently sincere and carries off the feat so agreeably, but soon showmanship must yield to real battles.

It is questionable whether Roosevelt could have put over the New Deal with a staff as inexperienced and provincial as Carter's. Some of them seem to regard Congress as a kind of Georgia legislature. FDR's gnome-like secretary, Louis Howe, was born in Indianapolis, Marvin McIntyre in Kentucky, Steve Early in Virginia, Bill Hassett in Northfield, Vermont, Rex Tugwell in New York. By contrast the Carter staff is extraordinarily homogeneous, with a relatively narrow viewpoint, and power apparently gravitating to Hamilton Jordan. They are quick learners, fortunately, and are beginning to feel that instead of being anti-Establishment they are now the Establishment.

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Washington Diarist

The President's Words

When President Carter said last week that Israel needs "defensible borders," it was no slip of the tongue. It's exactly what he said all through the election campaign, and it's apparently exactly what he believes. He is right. As he made clear at his press conference, Carter's use of the Israeli formula does not mean that he necessarily agrees with Rabin about precisely what borders are defensible. It simply means that the pre-1967 demarcation lines were not fragile. The distinction the President made between legal boundaries and Israel's actual defense lines extending beyond them is an important one. It was first proposed by Israel's Foreign Minister Yigal Allon. Predictably Carter's embrace of the idea upset the Arabs and immediately had officials at State wringing their hands. The episode shows that Carter understands the realities in the Middle East. One of the harshest realities is that the Arabs object not to Israel's size but to its very existence. Surely there is reason enough to suspect that the Arabs would be tempted by the vulnerability of Israel within the 1967 frontiers, which date back to the 1949 armistice, to launch another war. This is why a meaningful agreement must provide for geographical arrangements that will persuade the belligerent that aggression won't be rewarding.

America's greatest living realist painter and the unacknowledged father of them all, Raphael Soyer, has just finished preparing his diaries for publication by *New Republic Books*. They will be as rich as Delacroix's. Over the years, I've heard him talk his life or parts of it, and what a life it has been. In the early '50s he and Ben Shahn, Philip Evergood, Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Edward Hopper (who regularly drove down from Truro to New York so he could vote for the Republicans) published a magazine, *Reality*, defending the traditions of representational art against the emerging orthodoxy of abstraction. The realists were called communists. But so also were their adversaries. Zealots of ignorance stalked the land then, and it was not any particular style of culture that threatened them, but culture itself. There are still such zealots around, the ranks increased by a cadre of "progressives" who are not much troubled by the visual and plastic arts. What does offend them, however, is science, which is why they have mounted an attack on research in DNA and intelligence. They are the modern heirs to the Abecederian heresy.

Thorstein Veblen called it the "high office of slaughter." That is Uganda's inheritance, not from its colonial past but from long before the British arrived on the scene. To the Kabaka, violence and terror were the habitual privileges of rank. And tribal hatreds made the killing a popular enterprise. So it is also for Field Marshall President Doctor Idi Amin Dada, a character whom even Evelyn Waugh would not have dared invent. He is real as life and as the deaths of the innocents who are his victims. Tyrants are the great beasts of history, and it takes someone like Amin to remind us why tyrranicide is justified by ethics and in political theory. But there he was in Cairo last week, splendid in his vaudeville uniform and the stench of genocide, strutting the stage at the Afro-Arab summit and denouncing the Americans and the Zionists, the Kenyans and the Tanzanians—which is to say both Kenyatta and Nyerere, two of Africa's best sons. "They're jealous," he said. "We have no prisons . . . we live in peace." As it is, he and his designated death squads are now embarked on a systematic massacre of two tribes of Christians and animist Christians. He has barely troubled to hide his genocidal intent. But black life is cheap, especially if it's taken wholesale by other blacks—as cheap certainly as Jewish life once was. And Amin has American trade, Soviet and Libyan aid, Palestinian and Cuban Personnel to shore him up against the rage of his own people. With all that support he may be one tyrant not imprisoned by fear. From the left there is, at best, silence, and futile breast-beating from everyone else. Does anyone still believe in progress?

"Despotism tempered by assassination—that's our Magna Carta." It's a proverb of the Russian learned classes during the 19th century. If that were a creed in Kampala, there'd already be reason to hope.

One of my students is writing an essay about the oil companies and their relationship with OPEC. He'd been reading the nine volumes of the Church committee report on multinationals, and found a touching instance of how government accommodates itself to the people—or at least to some of them. On January 11, 1971, the presidents of the major oil companies and of some independent ones met in the New York law offices of John J. McCloy to draft two documents, a Libyan Producers' Agreement and a message to OPEC. But before having them dispatched abroad, McCloy and his clients wanted them approved by Washington. So Washington came north to New York. As the deliberations dragged on through the day, the director of the State Department's office of fuel and energy and a representative of the foreign commerce section of the antitrust division of the Justice Department waited patiently in McCloy's anteroom. We don't know whether they were served coffee. Finally McCloy emerged with his texts, and these civil servants quickly obliged their host with the assent he sought. Government need not be distant.

Jimmy Carter is a success as a public performer. But he still seems to me—at least in his fireside chat and the two-hour telethon—to be persuading us not of this or that public need but of his virtues as a man. He sees the presidency as a continuation of his campaign to gain the people's trust. It's not an adequate conception of the office. He may, in fact, convince many Americans that he is not isolated from their concerns, and he would not be deluding them in their belief. The risk he runs is that in dispersing hope he raises people's expectations. That's what politicians like Bobby Kennedy and John Lindsay did, and that's when the troubles came. I think it was Dr. Johnson who said, "we go not from defeat to defeat but from hope to frustrated hope." Hope is a volatile element in our society, and sometimes it is deployed as a substitute for remedy.

M.P.

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What Speed Reading promised you... Speed Learning delivers.

That's why Speed Learning is the only self-study reading program offered for college credits. That's why major corporations and government agencies use Speed Learning to improve the reading/learning skills of important employees. That's why over 4,000 schools, colleges and universities offer Speed Learning to their students.

Now there's a way out from under that mound of "must" reading. Through Speed Learning, you can read almost as fast as you think and retain more of what you read. You'll have a better grasp on developments in your field and become a more well-rounded person. No longer will you have to re-read paragraphs to get their meaning. No longer will you have trouble concentrating when you read. You'll find yourself contributing more in business meetings. You'll have more time for yourself and your family. Best of all, you can accomplish this at your own pace in the privacy of your own home.

You can't meet today's complex reading needs with 4th Grade skills

As hard as it is to believe, the way you read today probably hasn't changed much since the 4th grade. You probably still go along at one rate of speed regardless of your purpose of reading. . . pronouncing each word to yourself as you read. It's not your fault. Most schools stop teaching reading after the 4th grade. But there's so much more to reading, and it's so easy to learn.

New, exciting breakthrough helps you read at an adult level

To cope with a typical adult reading load, today's executive, professional or student needs more efficient reading skills —skills that not only help him read faster but also help him understand more, remember more and use more of what he reads.

Unfortunately, while most speed reading programs *temporarily* increase your rate of speed, they fail miserably with the comprehension (or learning) aspects of reading. That's because most Speed Reading programs concentrate on teaching you rapid eye movement which research has proven to be only 5% of reading. In doing so, they ignore the most important part of reading (95%), thinking. Only Speed Learning puts the emphasis in the proper place . . . teaching you to organize your thinking so you can read all kinds of material *as fast as is humanly possible for you.*

Flexible Program fits your busy schedule

The beauty of Speed Learning is that it's designed so you can master it in your spare time even if you only have a few *minutes a day. There are no bulky timing* devices or other costly gadgets usually found in speed reading programs, so you can study anywhere . . . at home, in the

office, even on the train to work. Your program materials include a *"teacher on cassettes"* who guides, instructs and encourages you, explaining the exercise materials. You learn by reading interesting everyday materials taken from *Time* Magazine, *Business Week, Family Circle,* the *New York Times* and others . . . stimulating materials that make picking up your new skills easy and fun. There's no pressure and no competition with other students, so you can improve yourself without fear of embarrassment—no matter how slow a reader you are now.

And Speed Learning is as effective as it is practical. *The average student improves his reading rate 108% . . . a* permanent increase based on sound fundamental skills which once learned are never forgotten. No wonder corporations like Eastman-Kodak, IBM and Bell Telephone and government agencies like IRS, the GSA and branches of the military offer Speed Learning to their key employees. To date, over 75,000 people have been helped by this program. Many have said, "This is the most important educational course I have ever taken. It really works."

Dr. Russell G. Stauffer, originator and research director of this program, has been Editor of the *International Reading Association Journal* and is Professor of Education at the Univ. of Delaware.

More effective . . . less expensive

If you're an executive or professional person with too much to read and not enough time . . . if you're a student who's tired of that seemingly endless study grind . . . whatever you do, whoever you are, you can experience the valuable benefits and tremendous sense of satisfaction that comes from being a *versatile, efficient, mature reader.* Best of all you can accomplish this for as much as *¼ the cost of many "speed" reading courses.* You develop reading and thinking to maximum efficiency, you do it at your own pace and you save money in the process. And if that's not enough, there's also a . . .

10-Day FREE Examination

You must be delighted with your Speed Learning Program or you pay nothing. Examine the course, listen to the tapes and if at the end of 10 days, you decide it's not for you, you may return the program for a full refund with no questions asked. Enjoy the self-confidence that comes with being an efficient reader. Clip and mail the coupon below right away.

In most cases, the entire cost of your Speed Learning Program is Tax Deductible

TAKE COURSE FOR FULL COLLEGE CREDIT

Having recognized the need to take Americans beyond their elementary reading skills, more and more colleges and universities are teaching Speed Learning for full credit. And now you can earn college credit for home study. If you wish, for a slight additional fee, you can earn *three college credits* from the National College of Business, Accredited Member, Association of Independent Colleges and Schools. Complete details and College Credit Registration Form are included with each program for those who want to take advantage of this option.

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Please send me the Speed Learning Program at $69.95 plus $3.00 for handling and insured delivery.

Please check the method of payment below:

☐ Check or money order enclosed for items ordered.

☐ Please charge my credit card under their regular payment terms: ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge Interbank No._____ ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

I understand that if after 10 days I am not delighted in every way, I may return the materials and obtain a full refund with no questions asked.

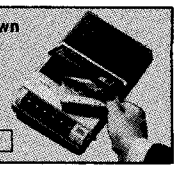
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

x Signature_____

If you don't already own a cassette player, you may order this Deluxe Cassette Recorder for only $39.95 plus $1.50 for handling and insured delivery. Check here to order ☐



New Jersey Residents add 5% sales tax

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There's at least one thing you can afford that's the very best on earth.

American telephone service is the best in the world. Yet it's well within the reach of virtually every American.

This didn't happen by accident.

Both the quality and economy of your telephone service benefit greatly from technological innovations Bell Laboratories and Western Electric produce for the Bell System.

Money Well Spent...

Genuine innovation doesn't come cheap.

But the money Western Electric spends on research and development at Bell Labs produces a lot of innovation.

About 40% of what Western Electric makes today didn't exist in 1972.

That's triple the amount of innovation of industry in general.

Though such innovation costs a lot, it saves you money.

...Saves You Money.

Take long distance calling, for example. It's one of the few things that costs little more today than 25 years ago. That's because technological improvements have helped hold costs down.

For example, we have increased the capacity of coaxial cable systems from 600 simultaneous conversations in 1941 to 132,000 today.

We've increased sevenfold the capacity of our major microwave transmission system.

And our largest electronic switching system can handle four times the capacity of the previous system.

Innovations like these involve answering engineering and manufacturing questions at the forefront of technology.

Without the intimate flow of information that exists between Bell Labs and Western Electric, many of our innovations would have been much longer in coming.

Some might not have come at all.

A Complex Future.

Many future innovations will be even more complex, requiring even closer interaction.

As part of the Bell System, Western Electric and Bell Labs will continue to put technology to work for you.

So even if you can't afford the best of everything, you'll still be able to afford the best of something: The best telephone service on earth.

Bell Laboratories/Western Electric

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